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MORE MAGIC PICTURES OF THE LONG AGO

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Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

FAIRY TALES

By James Shannon

Just as the little brown people of Egypt in the Time of Long Ago, and the children of sunny Greece; and just as the boys and girls who lived in the time of brave knights liked to hear stories,—so do you and I! These little girls can hardly wait to hear how the story is coming out! [Page 151.]

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MORE MAGIC PICTURES OF THE LONG AGO

STORIES OF THE PEOPLE OF MANY LANDS

BY
ANNA CURTIS CHANDLER

WITH REPRODUCTIONS FROM WORKS OF ART AND OLD MANUSCRIPTS

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1920

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The author is grateful to Mr. Henry W. Kent; to Mr. William Clifford, Librarian of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, who has been of assistance in looking up material; to Miss C. Louise Avery, Miss Helen Patten, and Miss Bessie D. Davis for their suggestions and encouragement; and to Professor Halliday of Columbia University for his help in public speaking.

Acknowledgment is due the Towle Manufacturing Company for permission to use the Paul Revere engraving of the Boston Massacre; to the Detroit Publishing Company for consent to reproduce the Reid pictures of Paul Revere's Ride and the Boston Tea-party; to the Essex Institute for permission to reproduce the Institute bedroom; to the Jacobs Publishing Company for permission to use the little Colonial figures at the end; and to the authors of the various books which have been helpful in writing and adapting the stories.

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MORE MAGIC PICTURES OF THE LONG AGO

Little Dancing Figures from an Egyptian tomb made thousands of years ago.

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ABOUT THE STORIES

In this book of Magic Pictures you are going to find a story called Picture Children in which all the little people we usually see quiet and still within their frames, suddenly come to life and frolic and dance together. Miss Chandler will tell you that all this happened just because the real boys and girls were wishing hard for it. In that same magic way all these stories will unfold. Just for our wishing hard, the wonderful people of the long ago will come back to life, will take us with them in their great sailing ships far up the river Nile, or will let us journey in company with powerful kings and fearless knights upon a great Crusade. Sometimes we shall see royal children who never learned to romp but like little old men and women moved sedately in and out of gloomy palace halls. Another time we may be thrilled by a wild midnight rider who reins in his steed, I do declare, right under our window!

It matters not how many years may lie between the *now* and the *once-upon-a-time*, nor how far away the land, for with a storyteller to lead us we can

travel, oh, a thousand times as far as did the Little Lame Prince on his Magic Carpet! The gates to marvelous realms will spring open when the story-teller begins to speak. We shall feel, each time we go into a museum, that we are about to embark upon a wonderful adventure, for everything in a museum has a story to tell if only we can find it—everything from the little figures that danced their way out of Egypt "far away and long ago" and suddenly reappeared on our title-page, to the boys and girls of Colonial days who bid us farewell at the end of the book.

C. Louise Avery.

A GREAT EGYPTIAN QUEEN, HATSHEPSUT

I am going to tell you a story about the Egyptians, over three thousand years ago, when they were the most powerful nation in the world, at the height of their power. This story is of a great Egyptian queen called Hatshepsut, who lived in the mighty city of Thebes on the banks of the river Nile, a city filled with temples and palaces and beautiful gardens. Stronger was she and better able to rule than the men who ruled with her, who were kings in name rather than in deed. Sole ruler she was for many years and she governed the land wisely and well. On the walls of the wonderful temple which she built at the foot of the cliffs by the desert, with colonnades and terraces shining in the brilliant sunlight, were carved pictures and stories of her life, the legendary story of her divine birth, and the history of her great expedition to a far-away land. There they remain to this day, having been kept in safety under the desert sands, until they were excavated not so many years ago. This story is based upon the translations of the accounts written in the Egyptian picture-writing upon their paper made from the papyrus-plant.

IN the fragrant and beautiful land of the gods, Amon-Ra was king, the great god, creator of earth, water, animals, and men: around about him were Osiris, the sun-god; his noble wife, Isis; his sister, Nephthys; Horus, his son; Ment, god of war;

Geb, god of the earth; and Nut, the sky-goddess. To all the assembled gods spoke Amon-Ra:

"A great queen shall I make who shall rule over

TEMPLE OF QUEEN HATSHEPSUT AT DEIR-EL-BAHRI, EGYPT
15th century B. C.

How beautiful it must have been as the sun shone upon its white walls with their background of yellow Theban cliffs!

Egypt, Syria, Nubia, and Punt; she shall rule over all lands, even the whole world, for I will give her all countries."

While the great god was speaking, there entered

Thoth, god of arts and letters, in the form of an ibis, that his flight might be swift, and he said to Amon-Ra, mightiest of the gods, the maker of men:

"Oh Amon-Ra, in the fair land of Egypt there is a maiden wondrous fair, fairer than the flowers which the sun nourishes. Should not she be the mother of this great queen of whom thou speakest?"

Then answered the great Amon-Ra, "Tell us the name of this wondrous mortal, and where she may be found!"

"Her name is Ahmose, wife of Thothmes I, King of Egypt, and in his lofty palace you may find her. Follow me!"

Thereupon Thoth in the shape of an ibis, flew far away towards the land of Egypt, and with him went Amon-Ra, followed by all the gods and goddesses.

As swiftly as the wind they reached the Egyptian land and found Queen Ahmose in her magnificent palace. She was sleeping upon a couch carved in the form of a lion, and at the first glance they saw that Thoth had spoken truly and that she was wondrous fair. The fragrance they had brought with them from the land of Punt awakened the Queen who gazed wonderingly at her strange visitors, and especially at the magnificent king of the gods,

Amon-Ra, disguised as the King of Egypt and adorned with brilliant jewels, and his beauty and strength were very great. He gave to the Queen the emblem of life and power and promised her that she should be honored among the gods, and that to her a daughter should be born who would be a great queen over all lands.

When the gods returned to the land of Punt, Amon-Ra, the Maker of Men, called for Khnum who fashioned the bodies of men, and said:

"Make for me, oh Khnum, the body of a daughter for me and Queen Ahmose: I shall make her a great queen and she shall be honored throughout the lands."

Then replied Khnum, "Oh mighty Amon-Ra, as thou hast commanded so shall it be done. Thy daughter's beauty shall surpass that of her mother, Queen Ahmose, and of the gods, and it shall be in keeping with her glory and honor." Thereupon Khnum fashioned the body of the maiden out of clay by means of his potter's wheel, and the goddess of birth stood by his side ready to hold out the sign of life to the clay which he was molding so that the child might be filled with the breath of life. Great was the rejoicing when the child was born

and hymns were sung in her honor and a long procession proceeded to the temple in thanksgiving. The child was named Hatshepsut, and she grew to be a beautiful woman with "skin like kneaded gold" and a face that "shone like stars in a festal hall": she was beloved by Amon-Ra, the great King, Maker of Men, and she became the great queen he had planned she should be.

Now the beautiful Princess Hatshepsut was the heiress daughter of King Thothmes I and of Queen Ahmose, with no one but a half-brother, Thothmes III, to claim a share of the crown, and the Princess Hatshepsut became his wife. Splendid were the coronation ceremonies and King Thothmes III and Queen Hatshepsut reigned for thirteen years, most of the ruling being done by the Queen who was of a far stronger character than her co-ruler. It came to pass that Her Majesty was "beautiful to look at above all things, her voice was that of a god, her frame was that of a god, she did everything like a god, and her spirit was like a god."

In honor of her divine father, Amon, she built, as the old account tells us, a great temple at Deir-el-Bahri, against the rugged Theban cliffs, and overlooking the desert. In a series of three beautiful terraces its white

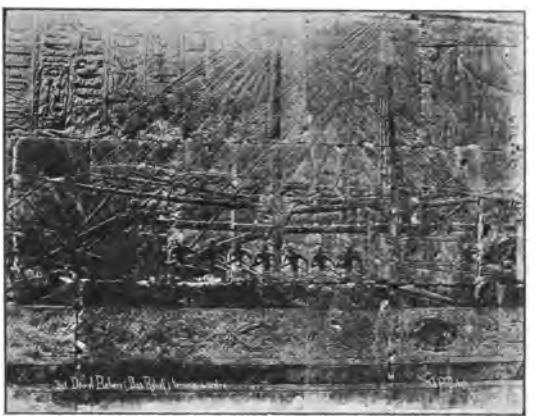
colonnades rose from the plain to the yellow cliffs beyond, and on the ivory-white walls were sculptured pictures of her own life, all filled in with rich yellow color which glowed against the white in warmth and beauty. One day the Queen went up the great avenue bordered with crouching sphinxes leading to the temple entrance, each sphinx's head a portrait of herself, and she entered the great temple and stood before the shrine of the great god, Amon. Thereupon she heard a command from the throne, the voice of the god himself bidding her lead an expedition to the land of Punt, the original land of the gods.

"'It is a glorious region of God's Land, it is indeed my place of delight; I have made it for myself in order to divert my heart. . . . It is a secret Land,' . . . to which I will lead you by land and by sea 'on mysterious shores which join the harbors of incense, the sacred territory of the divine land.'"

"It shall be done according to all that the majesty of the great god has commanded," said the Queen, and at once, in obedience to Amon's request, the Queen fitted out five great galleys and filled them with Egyptian products to be used as barter with the people of Punt. In charge of the great undertaking was the Queen's chief treasurer, Nehsi. Then

with propitiatory offerings to the divinities of the air for a fair wind and a safe and successful voyage, the fleet sailed forth down the river Nile and through a canal leading from the Eastern Delta to the Red Sea. With much ceremony and rejoicing they sailed down the great river when its waters were high; and to the people watching on the shore very marvelous indeed were the boats. There was one which had a cabin and an upper deck and two pavilions for officers of high rank, and these pavilions were adorned with royal emblems—a lion, a sphinx, and a bull trampling upon the enemies of the king. Two rudders had this boat, though the others had but one, and the prow of the boat was carved in the form of a lotus flower. In the leading boat stood the pilot, sounding the water with a pole and issuing commands which were repeated by other pilots along the line until it sounded to the groups on the shore like a series of echoes growing fainter and fainter. In the leading boat which was longer than the others, was a military escort; besides the huge sails there were many oarsmen straining at their oars, and as the favorable breezes filled the sails and the oarsmen plied their sturdy oars, gracefully down the river they sailed, while to those on the shore they sang:

"'Sailing in the sea, beginning the goodly way toward God's Land,' we go, 'journeying in peace to the land of Punt . . . according to the command of the Lord of Gods, Amon, lord of Thebes, presider over Karnak, in order to bring for him the marvels



AN EGYPTIAN BOAT ON THE WAY TO THE LAND OF PUNT AT THE COMMAND OF QUEEN HATSHEPSUT, OVER THREE THOUSAND YEARS AGO

From a relief in the Temple of Queen Hatshepsut, at Deir-el-Bahri, a part of Thebes in Egypt. The oarsmen are diligently plying their oars and the favorable breezes fill the sails

of every country,' because he is so much loved by the ruler of Upper and of Lower Egypt, Hatshepsut, for he is her father, 'Amon-Ra, lord of heaven, lord of earth, more than the other kings who have been in this land forever.'"

The gods heard the prayers of the Egyptians, and they sailed down the Nile and through the canal into the Red Sea until they arrived safely in Punt, a marvelous country stretching along the two shores of the Red Sea, the Divine Land, the birthplace of gods and men: a wonderful land, where incense trees grew in abundance, and rich palm and ebony trees, and where were found gold, ivory, spices, and strange animals.

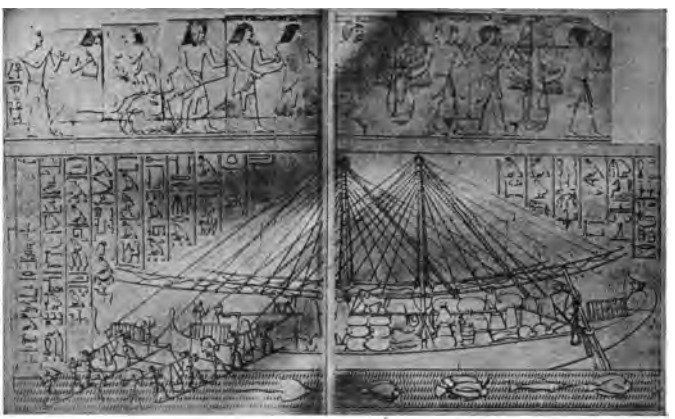
With their ships at anchor, the Egyptian commander pitched his tent on the strange shore, and the royal messenger of Queen Hatshepsut advanced, followed by his soldiers, their bodies protected by great shields. He held in his hands an offering to the goddess Hathor, and objects for trade with the Puntites,—necklaces, hatchets, and daggers. In friendliness were they received by Perehu, the Puntite chief, though at first he advanced rather distrustfully towards his strange visitors, fearful of the armed men. He wore a necklace, a dagger thrust into his belt; his right leg was covered with rings of gold and he carried a boomerang in his hand. Following him were his wife, very great in size, his two sons, and a daughter in a yellow sleeveless dress reaching halfway between the knee and the ankle. There were also many other

of the inhabitants of the land of Punt, somewhat resembling the Egyptians. Then the people of Punt fell upon their knees, and their chief, bowing low before the Royal Messenger of the Egyptians, cried, "'Why have ye come hither unto this land which the people of Egypt know not?' And how did ye come? 'Did ye come down upon the ways of heaven, or did ye sail upon the waters, upon the sea of God's Land?' . . . Lo, as for the great Ruler of Egypt, is there no way for us to go to her majesty, 'that we may live by the breath which' she 'gives?'"

Then did the Egyptians offer to the Puntite chief and his people gifts of bread, beer, wine, meat, and fruit, and they erected a stone statue of Queen Hatshepsut. Much pleased were the people and they gladly welcomed the strangers to their land.

Very queer to the eyes of the Egyptians seemed this strange land of Punt. To protect themselves against wild animals, the people built their huts on piles and were forced to climb into them by means of ladders. It was not long before the ships of the Egyptians were drawn up on the beach, the gang-planks run out and the vessels laden with marvels from the country of Punt: fragrant woods, myrrh trees, pure ivory and ebony, cinnamon-wood, and incense, bab-

oons, monkeys, dogs, skins of the southern panther, and at last some of the people themselves with their children. Long did it take to load the ships and heavy was the work of the men going back and forth along the gang-planks, carrying sacks and trees, and



LOADING EGYPTIAN BOATS IN PUNT

Relief from the Temple of Queen Hatshepsut, Deir-el-Bahri, Egypt. 15th century B. C.

Heavy are the burdens which the Egyptians carry on board: myrrh, trees, precious woods and stones, and strange animals which they had never seen before.

every once in a while an officer would shout, "'Look to your feet, ye people! Behold! the load is very heavy! Prosperity be with us' that we may take the myrrh trees from the Land of Punt to our own country 'for the house of Amon,' and for our Queen, according to her command. Never has the like of

this been brought before for any ruler of Egypt since the beginning!"

When all was in readiness, and the vessels were loaded with the wonderful products from the land of Punt, they started homeward. Two years had passed since the sailing of the great expedition, before they reached Thebes in their own land and laid their spoils at the feet of Queen Hatshepsut. Great was the rejoicing and loud the shouts of the Egyptian people as they watched the heavily laden ships slowly take their places at the docks. Never before had they seen such a marvelous sight as the strange Puntite people when they came ashore, and the wonderful products of that far-away country. A long procession passed through the streets to the royal palace, in the great audience hall of which sat the Queen, enthroned, staff in hand, before the sacred image of the great god Amon, and behind the Queen white-robed priests bore the sacred barque of Amon before which Thothmes, co-ruler with Queen Hatshepsut, offered myrrh and incense. Then knelt all before her, four lines of kneeling chiefs from the Land of Punt, two rows of men with gifts, and many Egyptians and Puntites with myrrh trees and the other splendid products they had brought, while behind stood the Egyptian soldiers

with their shining shields. With low bows the chiefs from Punt bore their tribute to Her Majesty who had "set all the lands beneath her sandals."

"'Hail to thee,' oh Rulers of Egypt," they cried, "and to thee, oh great Queen 'who shines like the

CHIEFS OF PUNT ARRIVING BEFORE THE EGYPTIAN RULER

Relief from the Temple of Queen Hatshepsut, Deir-el-Bahri, Egypt, 15th century B. C.

They are glad to see the great Egyptian ruler whose fame has reached all lands.

sun! Thy name reaches as far as the circuit of heaven,' thy fame encircles the seas! Gifts have we brought to Amon, the great God, Lord over Thebes and Karnak, and may you have long life, and prosperity, and health, oh Queen of Upper and Lower Egypt, and may you rule the two lands forever!"

Then did the Queen inspect the results of her great expedition, and at once offered a large portion of the offerings to Amon. She offered to the god thirty-one living myrrh trees, the like of which had never been seen before, with their roots protected by balls of earth fitted into tubs. There were also ebony, ivory shells, many panther skins, and a giraffe very strange to the people of Thebes. Huge piles of myrrh measured in grain-measures, large rings of gold, silver, lapis lazuli and every splendid and costly stone as well as plants and fruits. The trees were planted in the garden of the temple at Thebes where they grew abundantly and furnished fresh incense for the service of Amon.

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.
HEAD OF AMON, A GREAT EGYPTIAN GOD. 15th Century B. C.

When all had been divided as the Queen commanded, and the offerings made to the god Amon, the Queen herself, of wondrous beauty, her face

"shining as do the stars in the midst of the festival hall," ruler of Upper and Lower Egypt, and favorite of the gods, said:

"It has been done according to all that the majesty of the great god, Amon, has commanded; far have we journeyed into the distant land of Punt, and choice ointments and incense have we brought for my father, the divine Amon. Trees have been taken from this Land of Punt, the far-away home of the gods, and have been set up in his temple in Thebes that a Punt might be established in his own house; I have made for him 'a Punt in his own garden, just as he has commanded me,' that he may walk abroad in it and enjoy its fragrance."

As they listened, they seemed to hear from Amon-Ra, Lord of Thebes, and King of the Gods, these words:

"'Welcome, my sweet daughter, my favorite, the King of Upper and Lower Egypt, Hatshepsut!' Thy people have I led on land and on sea that they might bring back these marvels from the far-away, glorious land of Punt. Thou satisfiest my heart at all times, thou it is who makest beautiful my monuments, and to thee have I given all health and joy and all lands: I have given to thee Punt with its treasures, the

myrrh-terraces which none have trod. Now do I rejoice that these fragrant trees have been caused to grow in the garden of my temple, in order that I may delight my heart among them. 'My name is before the gods, thy name is before all the living, forever.'"

IN THE LAND OF THE MINOTAUR[1]

At the same time that Queen Hatshepsut was ruling over Egypt and leading her expedition far to the eastward, there were people living on the shores and islands of the Ægean Sea. Again and again was the story told of how Theseus slew the monster called the Minotaur on the island of Crete, and often people would wonder whether King Minos had really lived in his magnificent palace. And then the marvelous happened! In 1895 Sir Arthur Evans of England set men to work on the island and what do you suppose they found as they began to dig? They discovered a great palace of many rooms adorned with bright pictures; stone jars, and benches, and a throne with a high back all covered with beautiful designs. A big wall-painting in brilliant colors of a man fighting a great bull was found and another of a cupbearer. Then people knew that long ago in Crete there was a civilization far advanced, and they began to believe that the story of King Minos and Theseus may have had to do with a real king and a real hero who lived so long ago in Crete. Perhaps Theseus may have looked like the picture of the youth fighting the terrible bull, the story about which was told so many times that it became partly a legend.

In museums across the water are objects of this very time: and from the copies of them which we have in our museums you will notice the bright colors of the court ladies, dancing girls, cupbearers and bull-fighters, and you will see how freely these figures are drawn.

[1] Based upon Kingsley's "Greek Heroes."

So now I am going to tell you again the story of King Minos, which name may have been given to Cretan kings just as the name of Pharaoh was given to Egyptian kings. It is thought that the Palace which was discovered in Crete may have been connected with the "Labyrinth" of the story, so many long corridors, winding passages and galleries it had. From the painted and sculptured pictures found we know that bull-fighting was really practised in Crete, both by men and by women. Who knows, then, but that these bull-fighters may have been slaves or captives won from different lands? And who knows but that at last there was one, the Theseus of our story, who proved himself a great hero by slaying the Minotaur and freeing his fellow captives?

IN the fair city of Athens, thousands of years ago, there was great excitement. A festival of thanksgiving was being held on the hill of the Acropolis in a temple dedicated to the goddess of wisdom, Athena.

"Behold! there cometh this way the hero who has rid our land of its terrible monsters, the pitiless creatures who have brought terror to all our hearts! Hail to thee, oh hero, let us take thee to our King!" cried the people who had gathered by the roadside.

Theseus, the hero, was tall and strong, clad in armor, with a shining sword by his side and golden sandals upon his feet. Thereupon they led him to

the great palace on the Acropolis and straight into the banquet-hall where King Ægeus sat among his guests at the splendid feast. A minstrel was there

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

COPY OF A FRESCO OR WALL-PAINTING OF A CAT HUNTING A PHEASANT. Late Minoan, 1600–1500 B. C.

From Hagia Triada, Crete. Now in the Museum at Candia, Crete.

There were people living on the shores and islands of the Ægean Sea almost three thousand years before Christ and they had many great cities. The growth of this Ægean art in Crete is called Minoan art, from the period of Minos, and refers to the art of the people of Crete where Ægean art had its first center, thousands of years ago. There are three periods: early, middle, and late Minoan, dating from 2800 B. C. to 1100 B. C.

playing rich music on his golden harp, while the young men of the court laughed as the wine-cup was passed around: but false was their merriment nor

did their words of affection for the old king ring true, for all that they cared about were the riches and the lands which belonged to him and not one of them would have hesitated to do him harm. Among them sat old Ægeus, the King, white-haired and pale, and when he saw Theseus he asked, "Who art thou, stranger? Shouldst thou have come hither for our hospitality, thou art full welcome, for thou lookest like a bold warrior and a hero."

"Dost thou not know what this youth has done?" eagerly cried the crowd who had followed Theseus to the palace. "He is the hero who has rid our land of its terrible monsters. He comes from Troezene, an island far-famed for its temple to Poseidon, god of the deep blue sea."

At the name of the land from which the stranger came, King Ægeus started and trembled, and looked at the youth strangely.

"Place a seat at the table for our guest," cried the old King, "and set before him the best of the feast, for still am I master of my own hall, though others would take from me my throne."

When Theseus had finished with his feasting, he rose from his seat and said:

"Oh King Ægeus, I would demand audience of

thee alone!" At once did the wicked youths seated near the old king murmur among themselves, fearing lest the stranger should find favor in the king's sight. But King Ægeus rose from his place and left the banquet-hall, bidding his guest follow him.

"Tell me thy story," he said when they were alone.

"Not many months ago, just after my nineteenth birthday," said Theseus slowly, "my mother said to me, 'My son, go thou into the thicket by the sea, and lift the great flat stone at the foot of the plane-tree which thou wilt find, and bring me what lies beneath.' Twice before had I tried to lift that stone but strength was lacking. This time I cried, 'This stone shall be lifted,' and behold, I rolled it over on the ground. Beneath it

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

COPY OF A WALL-PAINTING OF A CUP-BEARER

Late Minoan, 1500–1350 B. C. From the Palace at Knossos, Crete.

I found a sword of bronze with a golden hilt, and near by a pair of golden sandals. When I took these to my mother, long did she weep, and she led me by the hand down by the sparkling sea. 'My son,' she said, 'in Athens, the home of gods and of men, there dwells a king, Ægeus; take to him the sword and the sandals, and call to his mind the pledge which he made, for he is thy father.' Then I took the sword and sandals and girded on my armor, and learned the pledge I was to repeat. I journeyed far, leaving my mother weeping, for both husband and son were gone, and I said within my heart, 'I will make my father love and welcome me, for I will show him that I am worthy to be his son.' So on my journey I tried to free thy land from robbers and strange monsters who were bringing terror to thy people: thus did I hope by the just use of my father's sword, to win his love."

Then Theseus stepped close to the old king and showed him the sword and the sandals and spoke the words his mother had bade him say.

The eyes of Ægeus grew dim as he thought of his wife left alone so many years and as he saw his tall son before him, and he said, "My son, thou art a better man than thy father before thee! I will

keep my pledge of claiming thee as my son when thou wert able to move the stone, and proud I am of thee!" Then they went back to the banquet-hall, the old king leaning upon the shoulder of his son, and he cried to all those assembled there, "Behold my son!"

Then were the wicked youths who were seeking the land and wealth of King Ægeus very angry, and they cried, "Who is this pretender who comes from far away?" They sprang for their weapons, but Theseus stood tall and courageous and cried, "Your blood be upon your own heads." But they rushed upon him with their weapons, twenty against one, yet Theseus conquered them all, till he was left alone in the palace with his old father. Great then was the rejoicing throughout the whole city that the king had found his son, and that the wicked had been driven from the land.

For many months were Theseus and his father happy together and they ruled wisely and well, but when the next spring came, a hush fell over the city as though some great sorrow had overtaken it. Theseus wondered at the great change, though no one told him the reason: but one day at noon a swift messenger came running into the market place and

cried, "Oh King Ægeus, ruler over Athens, and all ye people, I am come for thy yearly tribute!" At that a great moaning and sighing was heard throughout the city for all the people knew what their tribute must be. But Theseus cried, "Why dost thou demand tribute of these people? Why is this sorrow forced upon them?"

Thus answered the herald to the angry Theseus, "King Minos, ruler of hundred-citied Crete, has sent me thither for the tribute which King Ægeus has promised him. The son of King Minos was slain in thy city and King Minos came hither to avenge his death and swore not to depart till a yearly tribute of seven maidens and seven youths was promised him."

Old King Ægeus sadly agreed to what the messenger had said, adding, "We must endure in silence."

Thereupon Theseus lifted his brazen sword high in the air, crying, "I myself will go to the island of Crete and save these youths and maidens from the fate to which they are sent."

"Thou shalt not go, my son!" cried old Ægeus. "Thou art but lately arrived, the joy of my old age, and ruler of this land after I am gone. Thou shalt not go to share the fate of these youths and maidens

whom King Minos thrusts into a labyrinth from which no mortal can escape: there they are devoured by the terrible monster of that land, the Minotaur whom no mortal man can slay. Thou must not go, my son!"

Silent then were all the people and they looked at Theseus as he stood there so straight and tall and stern. At last he spoke again: "Yet must I go, my father, to slay this cruel monster. Fear not for me, for have I not freed this land from monsters like to this one? So shall I slay the Minotaur!"

"Promise me then, oh my son," said King Ægeus, "that if by some miracle thou shouldst return in peace, thou wilt take down the black sail of the ship and put out a white one. So shall I, who watch for it upon the cliffs, know that thou art safe."

"Let us now go down to the black-sailed ship," cried Theseus, when he had promised, and with great mourning they went to the shore, seven maidens and seven youths, Theseus one of that number, and all the people followed them in sorrow.

"Have hope, oh my father and all ye many people!" cried Theseus as the black-sailed vessel slowly put off from the shore, "for this monster is not immortal and he shall be slain!" Then they

sailed away, leaving old King Ægeus and all his subjects mourning on the shore.

A favorable breeze bore the dark ship swiftly over the sparkling waves until they came to Crete, an island in the blue waters of the Mediterranean, "in the midst of the Great Green Sea." To the city of Knossos they went, straight up to the palace of Minos the King, ruler over the isles of the seas and favored of the gods. Powerful was he, for he had conquered all the islands in the Ægean Sea, and many ships had he with big white sails. They found King Minos seated upon his golden throne-chair in the great hall of his vast palace. Bright pictures were there on the walls against which stone benches were placed; and many were the rooms, the corridors and secret passages in the great palace.

Theseus stood before the Cretan king and cried, "Of my own free will am I come, oh King, to ask a favor of thee. Let me be thrown first to the monster called the Minotaur!"

"Who art thou?" asked the king, wondering at the courage of the youth who had come.

"I am Theseus, son of Ægeus, King of Athens, to whom thou art an enemy, and I am come hither to bring an end to the yearly tribute!"

Then said King Minos, "Thou art brave, and I am loth to see thee die, but will keep thee in my palace."

"Thou shalt not keep me from meeting and conquering this monster!" returned Theseus boldly.

"Thou shalt not meet him!" commanded King Minos. "Take this rash youth away!"

Twenty young men sprang forward and led Theseus away with the other youths and maidens and imprisoned them.

But one there was who had taken pity on them, Ariadne, daughter of King Minos. "He shall not die!" she said to herself, for she greatly admired the courage and strength of Theseus. So, when the darkness fell and even the moon was hidden by passing clouds, she went down to the prison and said softly, "Brave youth, I would help thee and thy comrades, and I bid thee hasten at once to thy ship. Easy it will be for I have bribed the guards before the door. Go back to thine own land of Greece, but take me with thee, for my father would treat me full cruelly, should he find what I have done!"

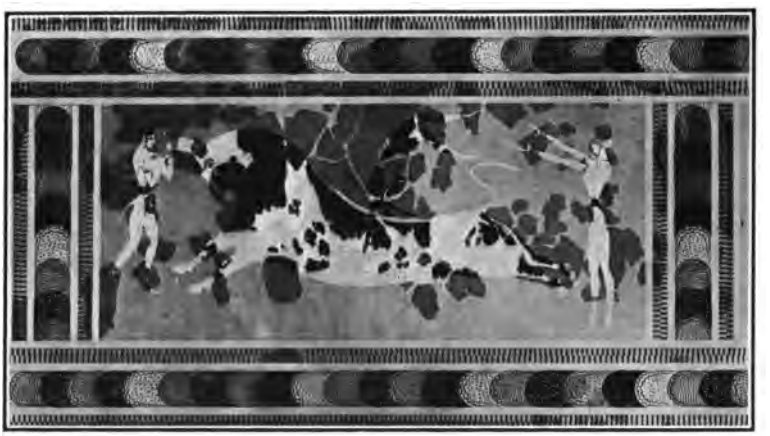
"Oh beautiful maiden, thou hast our thanks for thy kindness, and thou shalt go to Athens with us should I win, but I must not depart until I have slain this terrible monster, the Minotaur, and thus avenged

the deaths of all the youths and maidens who have been sent each year from our city!"

When Ariadne heard these words she admired Theseus even more than before, and gave him a clue of thread given her by Vulcan and so firm that it would not break, that he might find his way out again. Thereupon Theseus knelt before her and thanked her, and then when the next evening came with its darkness, she led him to the labyrinth with its many windings from which no man had escaped and in the very center of which lived the Minotaur.

Through winding and circular paths he went, now over rocks, now in caves and now across turbulent streams. To the left, to the right, up and down he hastened until he became bewildered and completely at a loss. But he had not forgotten the thread which the good Ariadne had given him, and when he started out on his wanderings in the labyrinth he fastened one end of it to a rock and let it unravel as he went. On and on he hastened, growing more and more dizzy at his many turnings, until he came to a circular space surrounded by dark and high cliffs, in the very center of which was the Minotaur. Terrible was he and strange, with the body of a man and the head of a bull; the teeth of a lion he had with which to tear

his victims. When he saw Theseus he rushed upon him with his head down and with so loud a roar that it resounded among the cliffs.



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

COPY OF A WALL-PAINTING SHOWING A SCENE FROM A MINOAN CIRCUS

Late Minoan, 1500–1350 B. C. From Knossos, Crete, and in the Museum at Candia, Crete.

Perhaps this really has something to do with the story of Theseus and the terrible bull, the Minotaur! See how fiercely the bull is rushing forward with his head low, while a woman is being carried on the horns she has seized. All the colors are very bright, the costumes of the people and the border being of red, yellow, brown and blue. Another girl is standing behind with outstretched arms while a boy is turning a somersault on the bull's back.

Quickly then did Theseus step aside and he struck at the Minotaur with his brazen sword again and again as the monster charged upon him, till the Minotaur fled, for never before had anyone wounded

him and deprived him of his victim. As swiftly as the wind did Theseus follow him through the caves and over the rocks, while the hills around resounded with the roaring of the monster. Up, up a high cliff they went, in and out among the rocks, until Theseus caught up with him and grasped him by the horns, forcing his head back, back, until he could drive the blade of his wonderful sword through the huge throat.

Triumphant, then, Theseus started back through the winding paths, finding his way by means of the thread until he came to the entrance of the labyrinth where Ariadne waited for him, calling upon the gods to preserve him.

"The Minotaur is slain!" he cried to her joy, but she put her finger on her lips for silence and softly led him back to the prison from which she led forth the captive youths and maidens while the guards still slept. Swiftly down to the waiting boat they made their way, and Theseus remembered his promise to Ariadne to take her with him far away from her father's anger.

So they set sail while the sky was yet dark. Swiftly the favorable breeze bore them on their way, but so excited were they and so eager to get home that

Theseus quite forgot to remove the dark sail and hoist the white one as old Ægeus had requested.

Day by day had King Ægeus gone to the highest hill to look far over the tossing waves for the first glimpse of the returning ship. Then one day he saw it just appearing against the horizon, and lo! the sail

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

COPY OF A WALL-PAINTING OF FLYING FISH
Late Minoan, 1600–1500 B. C.

From Melos, and now in the National Museum, Athens.
The Minoan artists loved to represent animals and birds and fishes full of life and movement; these fishes really seem to fly!

was black. Great then was the grief of the old King, for he thought that his son was dead, slain by the Minotaur. Over and over again he thought how cruelly he had neglected his wife for so many years, and how through his own injustice the son of King

Minos had been slain, for which misdeed Theseus had perished. In his grief he fell from the rocks into the sea, the Ægean Sea named for him, and perished.

So when Theseus arrived in Athens he found himself King and as he mourned over his father's death and his own forgetfulness, he vowed to the gods on Mt. Olympus that he would rule the land wisely and well: and so well did he keep his vow that all his people loved and honored him, and gladly obeyed his wise laws, and he brought his mother to the fair city of Athens that he might make up to her the years of sorrow she had known.

A STORY FROM COLORED GLASS, OR, JUSTINIAN AND THEODORA

We have heard stories about the wonderful Egyptian temples at Karnak and Thebes, with their lotus flower capitals and their carved wall pictures; of the most famous temple of the Greeks, that great temple, the Parthenon, built on the hill in Athens called the Acropolis; of the triumphal arches, theaters, and temples built by the Roman emperors; of that marvelous French cathedral, Rheims Cathedral where Joan, the French maid, led the Dauphin, Charles VII, to be crowned, and which has now been blackened by the smoke of war and shattered by shells—all save the statue of Joan of Arc which still stands to inspire the French people and lead them on to victory; and now we are going to hear a story about a great temple built in Constantinople, one of the best preserved of the old churches; first built by the Emperor Constantine, then burned and later rebuilt by Justinian in the 6th century A. D., all over thirteen hundred years ago. It has been called "A work as they report surpassing every edifice in the world," [1] and "The fairest church in all the world." [2] About this great emperor, Justinian, who rebuilded it, and his empress and their court were pictures made from closely fitting cubes of glass called mosaics, and we shall see here pictures of some of these.

[1] William of Malmesbury.
[2] Sir John Mandeville.

"JUSTINIAN the Unjust!" How the name rankled in the mind and heart of the Emperor Justinian, thin, clean-shaven and plainly dressed, as he sat in his palace in Constantinople in the East over thirteen hundred years ago. That was what the people had cried as they rose in their rebellion against him. "Have I been unjust?" he asked himself again and again as he sat with bowed head regardless of all the splendor about him, and his heart answered that he had been, as he saw again the terrible massacre in the Circus, and the fires kindled in the city in which was destroyed that wonderful church founded by Constantine.

"Despair not, oh Cæsar," said the Empress Theodora advancing softly before him and laying her hand gently upon his shoulder. Dressed in magnificent robes was she, tall and stately, with a dignity in her bearing that made her the fit companion of an emperor. "Thou art Emperor still though the fickle people are plotting to put another in thy place. Thou hast been a hard ruler, oh my husband, but it is not too late to please and win thy people even now. Not merely against thee have they taken up arms but against their God, and God has allowed them to do this thing and destroy His church, that the beauty of

the restored church might be twofold! Thou art the one, oh Cæsar, to thus please thy God and thy people, so throw off thy sorrow and thy remorse and

THEODORA AND HER ATTENDANTS

A Byzantine Mosaic, 6th century A. D. Ravenna, Church of San Vitale. Just think of the careful and delicate work in the forming of these pictures from little cubes of glass, all cunningly fitted together.

think of the wonderful church which thou shalt rebuild!"

Thus did the noble Empress arouse and inspire her husband, the Emperor, and far into the night he

thought and planned of the great church which he should erect. The bright light of the moon was shining upon the gardens and the terraces which surrounded the palace, and as the Emperor gazed into the distance, thinking, thinking, of this wonderful church which should be built, he heard a clear voice close beside him saying: "I am sent by the Most High God to help thee erect a temple which shall surpass all that have ever been built 'from the time of Adam.'"

Then did Justinian raise his eyes and in the great light all around him, far brighter than the moonlight, he seemed to see before him an angel from whose face and wings was coming a strange white light, and the angel in low, clear tones, pictured to him the finished church which he should build. In all its completion he saw it, with its columns, its golden dome, and its marble pavements.

"In height shall it rise to the heavens," said the angel, "and of marvelous beauty and harmony shall it be, and full of a wonderful light. A great golden dome shall it have which shall appear to rest upon no foundation but to be suspended from heaven by golden chains, and its glory shall reflect upon the marble pavement below. Of great beauty shall be

the columns with their lace-like capitals, so that one will seem to 'come upon a meadow full of flowers in bloom!' Wonderful shall it be so that each worshiper therein shall perceive that not by human skill was it built but by the plan of God, who has chosen it for his dwelling-place! Of little squares of gold shall the vaulting be formed which shall dazzle the eyes of men as the sunlight falls upon it, so that not only without but within may be brightness. Thus shall it be, oh Justinian, and God shall prosper thee in thy great undertaking!"

Scarcely could the Emperor wait until the morning light appeared so that he might begin his great work. Skilled workmen he collected from every land: Anthemius of Lydia, well skilled in the art of building, and Isidorus of Miletus, a man with the ability to carry out the plans of the Emperor.

"A great and glorious church to the glory of God shalt thou build," cried Justinian, standing erect and strong before them, his eyes filled with the vision of the church which had been revealed to him, while by his side stood the Empress full of joy and ready with words of encouragement.

As the Emperor talked and the plan of the church unfolded itself, the workmen's eyes began to sparkle

and they, too, were fired with enthusiasm, and with swift fingers they sketched a plan of the church and were eager to lay the foundations.

No time did they lose, and when the site was meas-

JUSTINIAN AND HIS ATTENDANTS

A Byzantine Mosaic, 6th century A. D. Ravenna, Church of San Vitale. Here stands the great Emperor Justinian and his court in their long robes.

ured, the Emperor bade Eutychius, an old and holy man, to offer prayers for its safe building. Then did the Emperor take the first stone and lay it in its place, saying, "Many thanks do I return for the

angel who appeared to me in a dream disclosing to me the form of the church to be built and may it grow in all its glory and live through the ages to the wonderment of men and the worship of God!"

"One hundred master workmen, each with a hundred men, making ten thousand in all shall there be," decreed the Emperor, "that the work may go quickly, for I long to see the completion of this vision of my dreams!"

Great then was the excitement, the hurry and the bustle, and the Empress Theodora with her ladies-in-waiting went often through the portico leading from the palace to the site of the great church, to watch it grow into a splendid whole. Thousands of workmen were busy; some digging the foundations, others preparing the lime and forming the bricks to be dried in the sunlight. There were polishers, stonecutters, carpenters and all kinds of laborers, each doing his best with interest and enthusiasm kept alive by the Emperor, who every day inspected the work and the laborers, giving them weekly a higher wage than that of the week before. Ships laden with marbles and woods arrived daily, and the sound of hammering and pounding never ceased. One day the Emperor came, clad in a long white linen garment,

his head covered with a kerchief, and by his side was the Empress, noble and fair, in long white robes with a gleaming necklace around her neck.

"Behold my ten-thousand workmen, how diligently they work and how eagerly!" cried Justinian as he saw the great piers and columns erected, and the mighty vaults raised.

"Even so, oh Cæsar," answered Theodora with shining eyes, "soon shall those great piers carry the golden dome high into the heavens, and the marbles and the mosaics of colored glass and stones will gleam in the sunlight."

Many people each day gathered to watch the progress of the work, and they understood the Emperor's desire to please them and worship God, and no longer did they call him the "Unjust," but "Justinian the Upright!"

One day, at the third hour, when Strategius, guardian of the treasures of the palace and adopted brother of the Emperor, had ordered the men to stop their work and go to their dinners, the little fourteen-year-old son of Ignatius, the first mechanic, was left behind to watch the workmen's tools. Suddenly there appeared before him a man, tall and stately, and clad in shining robes, who said, "Where-

fore do the workmen leave the work of God?" The child, thinking the stranger a high officer from the palace, bowed low before him, and said, "They have gone to eat their noonday lunch, oh Master."

"Go thou and bring the Emperor," said the shining stranger, "and I will stay here on guard until ye return."

Quickly then ran the lad to find his father who led him before the Emperor as he sat dining. When he had heard the story of the boy he knew that no officer of the palace had appeared before him, but an angel of the Lord, just as one had appeared earlier to him in a dream to inspire him to do his great work. "Behold! God has accepted my temple!" cried the Emperor as he rose hastily from the table. Then he turned to where his Empress, Theodora, was seated, and taking her by the hand, he said, "The temple shall be called Sancta Sophia, the 'Word of God!'"

Then did the Emperor send the boy away with gifts, but he allowed him not to return to the temple, fearing lest the angel who was guarding it should depart.

"Truly this is a miracle!" cried the Emperor, as he and all his people worshiped God and the great work went swiftly on. Ten and thirty windows were there in the great dome, and crowning it was a golden

cross of dazzling brilliancy. To Rhodes sent the Emperor for bricks of Rhodian clay made equal in weight and length and on them was engraved, "God is in the midst of her, therefore shall not she be moved; God shall help her, and that right early." With rare marbles were the walls covered, the many-colored marble from the Phrygian range, the color of rose and white; the emerald green from Sparta, and from Lydia bright stone mingled with red.

On the twenty-fourth of December, Christmas Eve, in 537 A. D., was the great church completed, after nearly six years of work, and on that day was held a splendid celebration. A long procession marched from the palace, the Emperor and the Empress at the head in a great chariot drawn by many horses. Loud was the cheering as they passed, for the people knew that the Emperor was now seeking to help and not to oppress them, and among the poor on that very day had he distributed sheep and fowls, and thirty thousand measures of wheat. At the lofty entrance Eutychius, the old and white-haired man of the city, received them, but Justinian walked alone through the doorway, crying, "'Glory be to God who has thought me worthy to finish this work. Solomon, I have surpassed thee.'"

Then the long procession of the court and the church officials entered the church, and wonder filled the hearts of all—men, women, and children—as they gazed about them. It seemed as if "some midnight

INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF SANCTA SOPHIA, CONSTANTINOPLE

Just try to imagine how wonderful the church must have been with its gold and jewels and little cubes of glass; and look for the graceful columns and the many windows in the great dome.

sun illumined the glories of the temple," or as if they were gazing on the stars of the heavens, so bright was it, and its beauty was marvelous to behold, decorated with gold and jewels from dome to pavement. Mo-

saics were there on the walls formed of glass and cut into small cubes all gold and silver and bright in colors, and formed into patterns of saints and angels: while on the pavements were mosaics of colored stones. In purple were Justinian and Theodora dressed and on their heads were diadems of gold, and they were led by the old and white-haired Eutychius; they went to their royal seats, followed by the clergy and by the lords and ladies of the court. The soldiers' armor gleamed, the sound of chanting was heard, and the scent of incense was heavy on the air. Justinian, with the Empress by his side, went forward to the pulpit to which led steps of gold, and when it came the time for prayers the Emperor and Empress removed their crowns and stood with bared heads.

"By the favor of God has this work been completed!" cried the bishops: "He cannot be far off for he has chosen this as his resting place!"

There were two among the vast throng whose hearts were filled to overflowing, Anthemius and Isidorus, who had carried out the plans of the wondrous church, and who stood drinking in the singing, the richness of the gold and the mosaics, the sparkling of the precious stones, and the majesty of the dome and huge arches.

"Art thou not well pleased, oh Cæsar?" asked Theodora softly of her husband, as they listened to the hymns of praise which were being sung. "Not by human strength has this been built, and never before have such wonderful marbles been brought together. The deep purple of some, the burning red of others, the brilliant green and the gleaming white are marvelous to behold, and the gold, the silver, the stones, the gems, are so placed and welded together that they form a perfect whole."

"Long live the Emperor Justinian!" cried the delighted people as they followed the long procession to the palace. "Justinian the Upright!"

Far into the night the Emperor and his Empress talked of the greatness of the church, the splendor of its design and the marvel of its completion.

"All men shall admire it and know that I am the Emperor and that I have far surpassed King Solomon!" began Justinian boastfully; "who knows but the East may be joined with the West, and I the ruler of them both?"

"Remember, oh Cæsar," said Theodora softly, "that it was not to thy greatness that the church was built but to the glory of God, that He might have a new dwelling place far surpassing the temples built by the

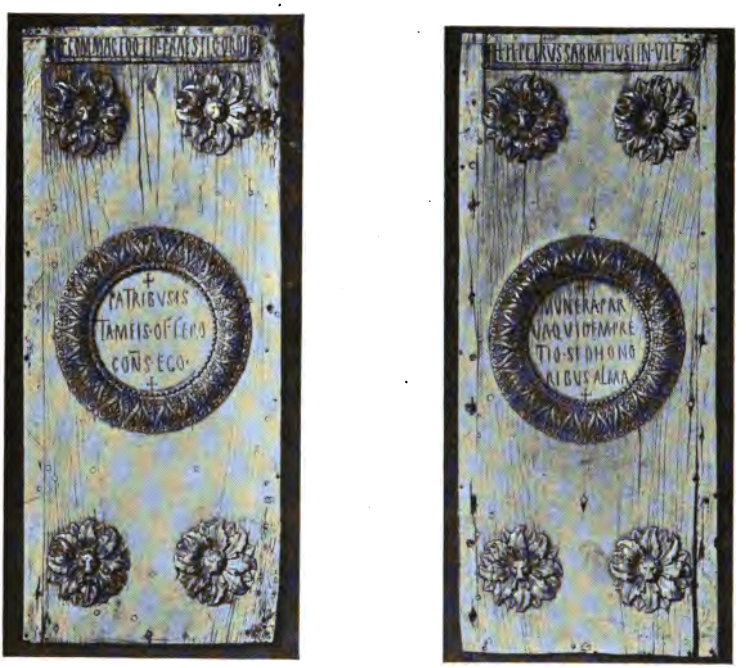
worshipers of all lands in olden times. Then did the angel appear to thee in thy dream, oh my husband, and prospered thee in thy great work, and has stood guardian over its greatness. Boast not then that

CHURCH OF SANCTA SOPHIA, CONSTANTINOPLE

thou has surpassed Solomon, but rather that thou hast been deemed worthy to build such a work!"

Then, as they looked out over the city, they thought they heard again the voice of the angel, the guardian of the great church, Sancta Sophia, "Holy Word," and in the shining light which surrounded

them, the Emperor saw once again his own vanity, his desire for conquest, for glory, his injustice to the



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

IVORY LEAVES OF THE CONSULAR DIPTYCH OF JUSTINIAN, CONSUL in 521 A. D.

A "diptych" means a book of two leaves and it was customary for consuls to present these ivory diptychs upon their election, to the Senate and their friends. All over the leaves was a thin layer of wax upon which the deeds of the consul was scratched. This diptych belonged to Justinian when he was made consul,—the same Justinian who later became Emperor. The one on the right says, 'Gifts of little cost, it's true, but prolific of honors;' that on the left says, 'I the Consul offer these to my Fathers,' meaning the Senate.

people which had caused the great uprising in the Circus where so many lives were lost, and he cried as he stretched out his arms, "I have sinned, and deserved was the name of the 'Unjust,' but this holy church of Sancta Sophia I have built with a humble heart and clean hands, to please my people and to glorify Thee, that it might find favor in Thy sight!"

THE TALE OF A GREAT CRUSADE

Many were the wars fought between the East and the West over the Holy City of Jerusalem, until at last a new spirit arose, a spirit of religious devotion, when each knight took an oath to treat all travelers with respect, not to fight for personal revenge, always to defend women in distress, and to keep the three watch-words, Religion, Honor, and Courtesy. It was the beginning of the spirit of Chivalry which plays such an important part in the stories of the Crusades when pilgrims—men, women, and children—took the long and hard journey to the Holy Land to visit the places where Christ used to work, and sought to take the Holy City from the Infidels. These pilgrims called themselves "Soldiers of the Cross" and wore upon their breasts or shoulders the sign of the Cross.

There was the First Crusade which was successful in the taking of the Holy City, but the Second Crusade was a failure; then came the Third Crusade with the adventures of Richard the Lion-Hearted, followed by several other crusades, among them that of the Children. This story is of the Eighth Crusade, that of King Louis IX of France. King Louis was a wise and good ruler and it was said of him that "it was hardly possible for any man to reach greater excellence," and so he won for himself the title of "Saint" Louis.

This story that I am going to tell you is based upon the writings of a great French noble, Sire de Joinville, who went with King Louis on his Crusade, and who dearly loved him.

LITTLE Prince Louis of France had often heard the story of the wonderful saint of Assisi, St. Francis, whom all loved, men, women, children, animals and birds. Best of all he liked to hear the story of St. Francis and the birds which he had heard again and again. His Queen Mother taught him what the good St. Francis said to the birds, and of how, when he walked in the fields and the woods, birds of every kind would fly around him and alight upon his shoulders, his arms and his feet, filling the air with their songs: and the little boy would say to himself, "I will be like the good St. Francis when I grow up!" Then came the time of the Saint's death about the same time that the Prince's father died, in 1226, and little Louis and his Queen Mother, Blanche of Castile, were very sad indeed, for Louis VIII had been a good father, husband and king.

"My son," said the Queen to her little boy, "thy father died in camp on his way home from subduing his unruly vassals in the south; well did he know, when the fever attacked him, that he could never reach Paris, so he called to his side the bishops and nobles in his following. By thy father's bedside they knelt and under oath promised to be true and loyal

to thee, his eldest son, and to support me, the Queen, who will guide thee until thou shalt become a man. Now has come the time, my son, for thee to be crowned that all may know that thou hast taken thy father's place and art king, to whom thy nobles and thy people shall give support."

On the twenty-ninth of November, in 1226, came the summons for the nobles of the land to appear at Rheims, that city to which Joan of Arc, two hundred years later, led her king to be crowned. There in the Cathedral little Louis watched all alone the night of the twenty-eighth of November, even until dawn, before he took the oath of knighthood. His thoughts were filled with dreams of the brave deeds he would do as a knight and a king, when, with his sword held upright, he knelt before the altar upon which his armor was placed. The next day he was crowned Louis IX, King of France, amid the cheers of his people and their promises of loyalty.

Back then to court went the new little king and every day he was taught by his Queen Mother something about kingship and the needs of his people. He was not the only boy at court for besides his younger brothers there were many pages, the sons of nobles, who were sent there to be taught how to

serve and how to conduct themselves, and all those accomplishments a knight should know, for one day they, too, hoped to become brave knights. Queen Blanche was not any more lenient with her own son than with the pages intrusted to her care.

"Thou must not be idle," she would say to them, "but be diligent at thy Latin, for knights and kings, as well as priests, should be able to read the Latin books. Pay attention to thy conduct as well as to thy learning, and give no heed to those who flatter thee to thy face, for remember that behind thy back they may speak thee ill."

So the days went by and little Louis was brought up to be good and honorable as well as to know how to conduct the affairs of his kingdom. When he was fifteen years old, he was old enough to be married, so everyone then thought. Who should it be, questioned Queen Blanche to herself, until at last she decided upon Margaret, the eldest daughter of the Count of Provence, a fourteen-year-old girl, of good looks and manners, and, like herself, of Spanish descent. A great feast was held in her honor and she was met by the little king clad in a blue satin tunic, and an ermine-lined mantle. Great was the rejoicing throughout the court and little Margaret

BLANCHE OF CASTILE PRESIDING OVER THE EDUCATION OF ST. LOUIS

By A. Cabanel. Paris, Pantheon.

She taught him to rule his people with justice and with kindness; and she taught him to be good like the beloved St. Francis.

was crowned queen directly after her marriage, and all the people loved and praised their little rulers. Although they were ever guided by the Queen Mother, and were very busy with affairs at court and the control of the government, yet they were still a boy and girl in many ways, and sometimes the little king would say, "I would take thee on a hunting party, Margaret, to get away from all these cares and rules," and then the little queen would put on a fine brocaded dress, and with her pet falcon on her wrist, would join King Louis on horseback, and away they would gallop, with their favorite dogs barking in excitement at their horses' heels.

Then came the day, when Louis was eighteen years old, that after an expedition against the King of England it so happened that he fell very ill in Paris.

"My son must not die!" cried his mother, who had been told that little more could be done for him. "If he may only live I promise that he shall journey to save the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem!"

"I, too, promise it, if only my husband shall not die!" sobbed the little Margaret as she fell on her knees by his side.

"Thy son breathes no longer," said one of the bishops softly as he gently led the mother and wife away.

Then, according to Louis's faithful friend and chronicler, Sire de Joinville, one of the ladies who remained within the room cried out, "The King breathes and still lives!" Whereupon those watching saw that he did indeed live, and as soon as he could speak he sent for the cross. Quickly did his mother and wife hasten to his bedside, filled with joy that Louis lived, but the Queen Mother grieved at the thought of the vow she had made.

Just as soon as he was able did King Louis start preparations for the great Crusade. At Christmas time, according to custom, he presented to his courtiers beautiful mantles, richly embroidered. In the great hall of the castle the celebration took place. High was the ceiling, and the light came from torches fastened upon the walls, giving out uncertain light though enough for the gold and the silver to be seen.

"How generous is our King, and how beautiful his gifts!" cried the gay and thoughtless young courtiers, who cared much for splendor but who had not volunteered to go with their King on his Crusade. They proudly drew over their shoulders the glittering robes and watched them shimmer and sparkle in the torch-light. But great was their consternation the next morning when each one found embroidered upon

his shoulder a red cross, the sign of the crusader, and they knew that they were thus summoned to accompany their king!

After two years all was in readiness: Queen Blanche

THE CRUSADERS LANDING AT DAMIETTA, EGYPT

From a 16th century wood-cut. Milan, Ambrosiana Library. See the armor, the banners and the strange ships.

was once again to take charge of affairs and the King felt sure that all would be well.

"I, too, shall accompany thee on thy quest," Queen Margaret bravely insisted, so in 1248 the King and Queen with all their following of Crusaders sailed for Cyprus, and from there to Damietta in

Egypt, which land they hoped to subdue first, since by the orders of the Sultan of Egypt a great multitude of Asiatic tribes had besieged Jerusalem.

"Are you ready?" cried the master mariner, and "Aye, aye, sir!" sang out the seamen's voices: whereupon the master mariner shouted, "'Unfurl the sails, for God's sake!'" Then the wind filled out the sails and away the ships sped, far away from the shore, for many days with only sky and sea in view.

Long is the story told by Sire de Joinville of the expedition; how after one victory in Egypt they were overcome on every hand, and how in addition to all their hardships a plague broke out. As Saint Francis had tended the sick, so then did Saint Louis, until he himself fell ill. Great was the suffering and awful the famine which followed when the Saracens cut off all means of getting supplies, for they lay between the French army and the town of Damietta where were their provisions.

"Jerusalem shall be yours if you will leave your king with us and give up Damietta!" came the message from the Saracen camp. "That shall never be!" returned the horrified nobles, though there were some in the French army who would have been willing to agree. "Our king shall be sent with the

rest of the sick down the Nile by boat," said the generals of the army, "for we would rather that the Saracens should take us all, dead or alive, than 'bear the reproach of having left the King in pledge!'"

But King Louis refused to leave his people: "Never will I abandon you," he cried, "never so long as

MESSENGERS OF THE SULTAN

From a 13th century miniature. England: formerly in the National Library of Paris.

I live: it is I who am responsible for the expedition, and for the lives of my soldiers, and we return or die together!"

So the French army, sick from the plague and weak from want of food, began the retreat, but were overtaken by the Saracens and forced to surrender.

"Do what thou canst to procure the ransom," sent word the King to his Queen at Damietta, "for all shall be set free, both rich and poor alike!"

His brave wife, though filled with dismay at the news of her husband's capture, lost no time in idle mourning, but raised the ransom and added to the force in defense of the city some Pisan and Genoese soldiers.

ST. LOUIS AND HIS TWO BROTHERS MADE PRISONERS BY THE SARACENS

From a 16th century wood-cut. Milan, Ambrosiana Library.

"Save us from the Saracens, I pray thee," she begged of the knight who was guarding her, for she feared to fall in their hands. But it so fell that the city of Damietta was not given over to the enemy and the brave Queen was saved with her little new-born son, and they sailed for Acre, for the Crusaders did not go back to France after they were released, but kept on for the Holy Land. "'I will by no means abandon the Kingdom of Jerusalem, which I came hither to guard and reconquer,'" vowed the King.

For four years they stayed in the Holy Land, and

refortified the seaport towns which the Saracens had destroyed. Although the Sultan would allow Louis to visit Jerusalem, the latter refused, giving as his reason that of Richard the Lion-Hearted in the Third Crusade: that if he, "the greatest Christian King, went on pilgrimage without delivering the city from God's enemies, then would all other kings and pilgrims, coming thereafter, rest content with going on pilgrimage after the same manner as the King of France, and give no thought to the deliverance of Jerusalem."

The news of his mother's death made Louis feel that France needed him, so he started homeward at Easter time, in 1254. No easy journey had they, says Sire de Joinville, for on the Saturday when they came in sight of Cyprus, a great mist spread from the sea to the land, keeping the sailors from knowing the nearness of the shore, so that the ship in which sailed the King and Queen struck a reef of sand and damaged her keel, and a great cry arose of "Alas! we drown!" Though the master mariners implored the King to embark in another ship he once more refused to leave his people. "'Neither gold nor silver,'" said they, "'can be set against your person and the persons of your wife and children who are here; there-

fore we advise you not to put yourself or them in danger.'" Thereupon answered the good King Louis, "'Lords, I have heard your opinion, and that of my people; and now I will tell you mine, which is this: if I leave the ship, there are in her five hundred people and more who will land in this isle of Cyprus, . . . and these peradventure, will never return to their own land. Therefore I like better to place my own person, and my wife, and my children in God's hands than do this harm to the many people who are here.'"

So on they sailed in the damaged ship until they came in sight of an island inhabited by Saracens. "Oh Sire," cried the Queen delightedly, "wonderful fruit trees are growing on this island, and I beg of thee that thou wilt send some of thy servants to procure a portion of fruit for thy children, who have long been wanting some." Thereupon the King consented, for he could not bear to disappoint her, and the three galleys which were sent entered a little port on the side.

"Alas! the Saracens have captured thy servants!" mourned the mariners after they had waited long for them to return; "but we advise thee to sail forward and wait no longer."

"'I shall not listen to you,'" cried the King, "'and leave my people in the hands of the Saracens without at least doing all in my power to deliver them.'"

"Alas, oh Sire!" cried Margaret as she stood on the deck and looked off over the water towards the island whither the galleys had been sent at her request. "Mine is the blame and we must not sail away and leave them!"

Just as they had turned the sails of the ships, the galleys were sighted coming from the island.

"Why have ye tarried and so kept us waiting in anxiety for your lives?" asked the King sternly when they came alongside.

"Six of thy servants were determined to remain in the gardens eating fruit," cried the mariners angrily.

Thereupon the King, indignant at their lack of thought, commanded that those six should be put "astern" in the barge, to their great shame, for there it was that murderers and thieves were placed.

Yet another adventure befell them before they reached land, more perilous than the others. "I would retire early," said the Queen late one day, worn out by excitement. Accordingly she went to her cabin with one of her maids, who carelessly left the Queen's kerchief which she had worn upon her

head, near to a candle which was burning. The kerchief caught fire from the flame of the candle, and from that, the bed. Queen Margaret awakened to see her cabin in flames, but with the same presence of mind which had served her throughout the long voyage, she flung the burning kerchief into the sea and crushed the flame of the sheets in her hands.

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

IVORY CHESSMAN

French, 13th century. We will say, for our story, that this is St. Louis.

At length Louis reached France, still filled with longing for the Holy Land but knowing that he must take up once more the cares of state: yet he was unwilling to live in luxury at the court while the Holy City of Jerusalem still remained in the hands of the Saracens. Therefore, never again did he array himself in the fur of the beaver or gray squirrel, nor in scarlet nor gilded spurs, but dressed very soberly. He ate what was set before him and he always caused food and money to be given to the poor. Law and order he tried to establish throughout his country, and he was a friend to all his people. Often he would

go into a neighboring wood and lean against an oak tree, bidding his people gather about him. "'Is there anyone who has a cause in hand?'" he would ask. Then would he hear each one in turn and he would settle each affair with justice. He was an eager collector of books and he welcomed every scholar who came to his court. The great cathedrals were being built throughout France and he watched their growth with interest. Especially fond was he of his children, and he would call to their minds the lives of great and good men, saying, "Of such men as these take example."

Then came another call from the Holy Land for a Ninth Crusade and Saint Louis, whose heart was already there, responded. All France was sad when their king, his three eldest sons, and a following of nobles, citizens and barons again publicly took the Cross.

"I shall never see thee again!" cried Queen Margaret as he bade her farewell, for she knew how weak and worn he was, and unable to stand more hardships.

Driven by a terrible storm to Sardinia, they turned aside to Tunis, and encamped in the ruins of Carthage, where once more occurred the terrible misfortune

which had overtaken them at Damietta. A severe sickness broke out, and the King was stricken. Then King Louis, feeling that he had not long to live, called his eldest son, Philip, to his side, and bade him observe all the teachings he had taught.

"'The first thing I would teach thee is to set thine heart to love God; . . . Keep thyself from doing aught that is displeasing to God, . . .

"'Let thy heart be tender and full of pity towards those who are poor, miserable and afflicted; and comfort and help them to the utmost of thy power. Maintain the good customs of thy realm, and abolish the bad. . . .

"'Beware of undertaking a war against any Christian prince without great deliberation; and if it has to be undertaken, see that thou do no hurt to the Holy Church, and to those who have done thee no injury. If wars and dissensions arise among thy subjects, see that thou appease them as soon as thou art able, . . . '"

"'A piteous thing, and worthy of tears, is the death of this saintly prince who kept and guarded his realm so holily and loyally,'" wrote the Sire de Joinville, "'and like as the scribe who, writing his book, illuminates it with gold and azure, so did the said king

illuminate his realm.'" With Saint Louis died the religious side of the Crusades.

Although the Crusades had failed in the freeing of the Holy Land, yet they helped the world's progress,

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

PARCHMENT SHOWING THE CRUSADE OF ST. LOUIS

French, 16th century.

You can see the River Nile with its many mouths, the fortifications of Damietta, the tents of the soldiers, and the queer, high ships.

for the Crusaders brought back from the learned men of the East some of their wonderful knowledge. The Crusades opened up commerce between the East and the West; great writers sprang up to commemorate

the Holy Wars and the wonderful adventures of the Crusaders; and there were kept alive the high ideals of honor and chivalry and the hope of getting beyond and above personal and selfish ambitions, and men turned their thoughts away from fighting to art and literature, and to new discoveries in learning.

The quotations are from Sir Frank Marzial's translation of the Memoirs of the Crusades by Villehardouin and De Joinville.

A BUDDHA STORY: OR, THE TALE OF A WONDERFUL PRINCE

In India, when a baby is born, everyone is very eager to know whether it is a boy or a girl. If it is a boy all are glad, but if it is a girl, they are sad, for it means to them that the gods are angry, and the father knows that the day she is married he will have to pay a great sum to her husband. The Indian mothers and fathers are never proud of their little daughters as our mothers and fathers are, and the girls are kept in the background, yet they play together while they are growing up, and have many happy times.

Indian boys love to fly their square kites, blue and green, and often they climb on to the flat roofs of two houses near each other, and high up above the trees soar their kites. Sometimes the children listen while snake charmers play weird music so that the snakes glide to them and are shut up in baskets; and sometimes they watch a sparrow which has been taught to climb upon a string held in the air, and to thread beads on to the string. If a boy lives near a jungle he will see the taming of a herd of elephants, or the netting of tigers. Many of the children now go to schools that are much like our own, but in far-away villages the master still sits on the ground under a big tree, with his scholars around him. They sway back and forth as they sing out their lessons, or bend over the sandy ground to trace the outlines of the letters as they shout out the names of them.

Everywhere in the streets of India is a great deal of color.

The people wear robes and turbans of every shade—black, white, red, yellow, green, purple—and as the crowds hurry to and fro

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

FIGHTING ELEPHANTS

Miniature from an Indian manuscript, 17th century.

These elephants are being watched by the great Emperor, Shah Akbar, and the artist who made the picture knew how to make them look real. Notice the beautiful border all done by hand with great care and skill. When you see the picture itself you will see gold lines in the border.

and the colors mingle, they give almost the effect of an endless rainbow. The bazaars add to this wonderful coloring: a bazaar

is where the tiny, open shops are, and all day long people visit them to buy and sell. People of every color—white, brown, black, yellow—jostle one another in the crowded, narrow streets.

Let us suppose that we have been busy all day seeing these wonderful sights of the cities in India, and towards night have been carried by our elephants through the gay streets, between the rows of shops and balconied houses, out into an Indian village, with its small huts of mud walls and thatched roofs. The women of the village are returning from the well, and the men from the grain fields. We have stopped before one of the larger houses, and soon take our rugs and blankets up on the flat roof where we can see the stars which seem so close to us, and as we lie there gazing up into that soft and bright Indian evening sky, we will listen to the story of the village storyteller.

IN the north of India near the lofty Himalayas with their snowy peaks, there once lived, over twenty-four hundred years ago, a just and kind king called Suddhôdana and his noble queen named Maya. They had a little son called Siddârtha, and great was the rejoicing in the palace, for the wise men had foretold that the little new prince should have all the gifts of perfect kingship. A great festival was held in the royal city in honor of the birth of the prince, and many guests came with rich gifts on trays of gold and of silver. Among them was a white-haired holy man, very wise and very good. When he

saw the little boy he said slowly, "'Thou shalt preach the Law and save all men who learn the Law.'"

Every tenderness was shown the little boy and when he grew old enough, the king called a council of his wisest men to decide who should have charge of his son's education. An exceedingly wise man, who was well acquainted with learning and all the wise books, was selected, and he came to the palace to live: but what was his astonishment to find that his little pupil was beyond any instruction he might give him. "I can count the grains in the finest dust, I can number the stars which shine in the sky at night, and count the drops of rain that fall!" said little Siddârtha, softly.

"Thou art the teacher of thy teachers, oh wonderful Prince!" said the wise man and went his way. Then was Prince Siddârtha given into the charge of men skilled in the chase and in chariot-racing. He, too, became very skillful, though in the hunt he would often stop when the chase was hottest to let the deer go free. As he grew older, he watched the country folk at their work and play, the birds and animals in the woods, and all seemed bright and happy. But the boy Siddârtha saw more deeply into the heart of things than even his wise and good

father. He saw that the laborers had to work far beyond their strength to make a living, and these things filled his heart with pity and with sorrow. He thought and thought about them until the King, noticing his sadness, called together his wise men to ask their advice.

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

HEAD OF BUDDHA

Made by an Indian sculptor, in the 9th century A. D.

This is the Prince Siddârtha, the great teacher.

"Seek a wife for him," said one of them. "He will forget his sorrow in her grace and beauty. Prepare a festival and summon to it the fairest maidens in northern India, and see if one of them does not please him."

Accordingly a great festival was proclaimed, and there came beautiful maidens with their dark hair braided, and they were dressed in brilliant robes, with their toes and finger-tips stained with crimson dye. To the great despair of the

King and all the wise men, however, the Prince showed little interest in the maidens, and they were about to give up their plan, when the last of those invited drew near. Her name was Yasôdhara, and the Prince started with surprise when he saw her. She was dressed in cool green robes of the softest silk, and she gleamed with jewels and gold ornaments: a girdle of rose with silken tassles encircled her waist and fell to her feet in front. Her long black hair was crowned with bands of jewels, red and green, and her arms shone with bracelets of gold inlaid with precious stones. But most beautiful of all was her face, and she threw back her shimmering veil, smiled upon the Prince and asked, "Is there a gift for me?" Now all the gifts which had been prepared were already bestowed upon the other maidens, but the Prince unfastened an emerald necklace which he wore about his throat and clasped it around her waist, and he rejoiced that he had found a maiden who would be with him in his work and his play.

The King was much delighted at the success of his plan and sent messengers to the father of Yasôdhara to ask the hand of his daughter in marriage to his son. "It is customary," answered the father of the maiden, "that the suitor shall first prove his skill in

the arts of war. Let thy son show his strength in the bending of the bow; let him wield the sword and ride a horse better than the other suitors who have already sought my child in marriage. He must prove himself the most worthy of all!"

It was thereupon announced that seven days later the Prince Siddârtha would meet all those who wished to match their skill against his, in order to win the beautiful Yasôdhara. On the appointed day the suitors gathered, and among them was the Prince upon his great white horse, and as he rode along his eyes fell upon the crowds of common folk who had gathered to see the contest, and he thought, "If all these people, like kings and nobles, have their joys and their ambitions, they are little thought of or helped by the rest of us." Then he saw Yasôdhara, and he leapt to the ground and cried:

"He is not worthy of this great prize who is not the worthiest; let my rivals prove whether I have dared too much in seeking her!"

Then three of the suitors shot with their arrows so far and so true that the Princess lowered her golden veil so that she might not see if the Prince should fail. But Prince Siddârtha ordered his target to be set at such a distance that it could scarcely be

seen, and he took up his strong bow as black as ebony, which he had brought from the temple and no one had been able to bend. Fitting an arrow, he sent it through the air as swift as thought itself. And behold! it reached the distant target, pierced it through, and flew along the plain for a great distance before it came to rest.

Then came the contest with the swords, and the suitors, undaunted, showed wonderful skill, but Prince Siddârtha surpassed them all. Finally, all was in readiness for the race, when one of the suitors said, "These steeds are tame! Bring forward an untamed horse, one fit for the test!" So they brought forward a fierce-eyed horse which had never been ridden, and which was guarded by three strong chains. One by one the rivals of Siddârtha tried to ride the impatient horse, but each one was thrown and scarcely escaped alive. Then the Prince stepped forward, and taking the horse by the forelock, spoke a gentle word into its quivering ear, and stroked its neck and sides; and so great a love and understanding did he have for the horse, that the horse responded and soon stood quite calm and subdued and allowed the Prince to mount him and ride quietly away. Then all the people cried, "'Strive no more, for Siddârtha is the best.'"

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

HUNTING SCENE

A miniature from an Indian manuscript, 16th century.

If you could see this in color you would at once notice the dark foliage of the trees against which the figures stand out. The Indian artists loved to paint hunting scenes with people on horseback, and they made their pictures much more real and
ıl than the Persian artists did.

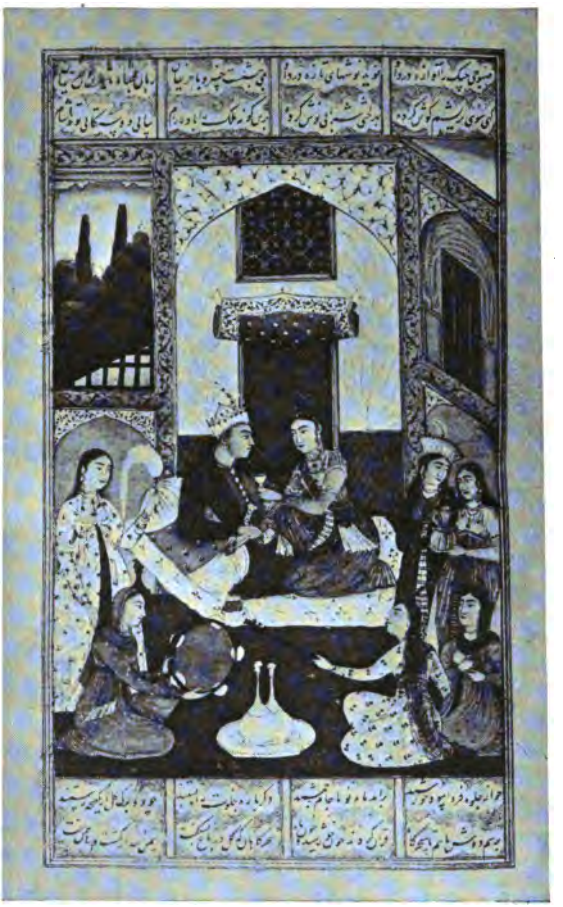
A great shout rose from the spectators, and the father of the Princess praised the victor. At his bidding, Yasôdhara slowly and gracefully advanced to meet the Prince who stood by the side of the great black horse. She bowed before Prince Siddârtha and placed a garland of fragrant flowers around his neck. The Prince, filled with joy, took the maiden by the hand and they passed slowly through the great crowd who rejoiced and sang songs in their honor.

After the magnificent wedding feast, Prince Siddârtha took his bride to a beautiful pavilion which the King had caused to be erected at the foot of the snowy Himalayas. It was set in the midst of a great garden, with wonderful flowers, roses and lemon blossoms sweetening the air, fountains, and walks shaded by trees in which sang many birds. The pavilion itself was of marble, white and shining and beautifully carved, with great domes and stately minarets against the dark blue of the sky. It was ornamented with lustered tiles of marvelous colors, and inlaid with designs made of carnelian, jasper, and other precious stones, and tracery work of carved flowers and birds.

Every effort was made to surround the Prince and Princess with all that was bright and pleasant, and

the King gave orders that no mention should be made before them of sorrow or of pain. Each morning the dying roses were plucked from the bushes, and the withered leaves carefully hidden. "Let no sign of sadness nor decay come to the Prince and Princess to give them sorrow!" commanded the King, and he had a great wall built around the pavilion and garden, and a second and a third wall, giving this order to his guards: "Let no man from the outside world pass this triple wall, that the Prince may become the king of kings, and see nothing but what is bright and beautiful!"

For many days the Prince and Princess were very happy, and undisturbed by the troubles of the outside world. They spent their days surrounded by joyous people, and fragrant flowers, and listening to the sweet music of the breezes among the trees. Often, however, the young Prince would have a far-away look in his eyes, and one day he gave orders for his chariot to be prepared, that he might go forth and see the world. The King safeguarded his son by having this proclamation read in the streets of the royal city: "Hear, ye citizens! It is the king's command that during this day there shall be seen in the city no unhappiness: no blind, sick, sorrowful nor



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

ILLUSTRATION OF AN INDO-PERSIAN POEM

17th century, by a court painter.

Let us say that it shows the Prince and Princess of our story in the Garden of the Palace of Pleasure.

aged person! Let the streets be perfumed and gay flowers strewn before your houses, and let the trees be decked with flags!"

The royal commands were at once obeyed, and when the Prince and Princess drove forth in the great gilded chariot drawn by two white oxen, the people welcomed them with shouts of joy, and children threw roses and rich orange-blossoms into the passing chariot. On every side was beauty and brightness, and the Prince cried, "The world outside my palace is beautiful after all, and the people happy!" Hardly had he finished speaking, when an old and ill-clad man crept from a hovel by the roadside, and in pain and suffering made his way towards the chariot of the Prince. In vain the people, remembering the orders of the King, tried to keep him back, but the Prince caught sight of him and asked one of his attendants:

"Is the world filled with people like this?" "Even so, oh Prince," answered the man sadly. "Shall we who are young and happy come at last to be old and weak?" asked the Prince. "It shall be so indeed," was the reply. "Then drive me home again," said the Prince, and there was a wistful far-away look in his eyes which was reflected in the dark eyes of his beautiful bride.

In spite of all the efforts of the joyous attendants

in the high-walled Palace of Pleasure, there was no more happiness for the Prince and Princess that day: and a few days later he started out with his bride to see the city as it usually looked. "I wish to know my people in their daily lives and find out how people live who are neither kings nor princes," he said. The old King sadly gave his consent, so on the next day the Prince and Princess in disguise went on foot into the city, and mingled with the crowds in the busy streets.

They saw the open shops and the traders sitting cross-legged among their wares, and the buyers driving their bargains. They heard the shouts to clear the narrow streets when some wealthy person rode by on an elephant, or a closed litter was borne quickly past. They saw a mother carrying water from the well, followed by her black-eyed children. There was a weaver of carpets and rugs busy at his loom, a woman grinding corn, a tailor busily plying his needle, a school in which the children were seated round the teacher chanting their lessons. There were maidens carrying great baskets of fruit balanced on their heads and travelers from far-off lands. Then as they passed, they heard a mournful voice crying, "Help, masters! lift me to my feet; help!" They looked down and saw a poor man stricken with the

plague, and the Prince ran forward and tried to help him. His eyes filled with tears as he said to his bride: "At last I understand. We are like all others, subject to sickness and to sorrow, and we, too, must grow old. We must help those less fortunate than we."

Many were the hours, then, that the Prince and Princess spent in thinking, and at last they decided that they would leave their wonderful palace with its flower-filled gardens, its joyous attendants, and go out into the world and take a part in righting the wrongs of the poorer people and in relieving their burdens. "Help us to help all living creatures!" they cried. So they went forth from the Palace of Pleasure and learned to know their people and the people loved them in return: and Prince Siddârtha became a great teacher, Buddha, who taught his people to be happy. Then one day they returned to the palace, wiser and better rulers than they had been, for they had learned that friendliness and love make faithful friends and they did what they could for those in their kingdom, knowing them all, rejoicing in their pleasures and softening their sorrows by their sympathy and kindness.

Adapted from Sir Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia" and Richard Wilson's "Indian Story Book."

AN EARLY ITALIAN PAINTER: GIOTTO

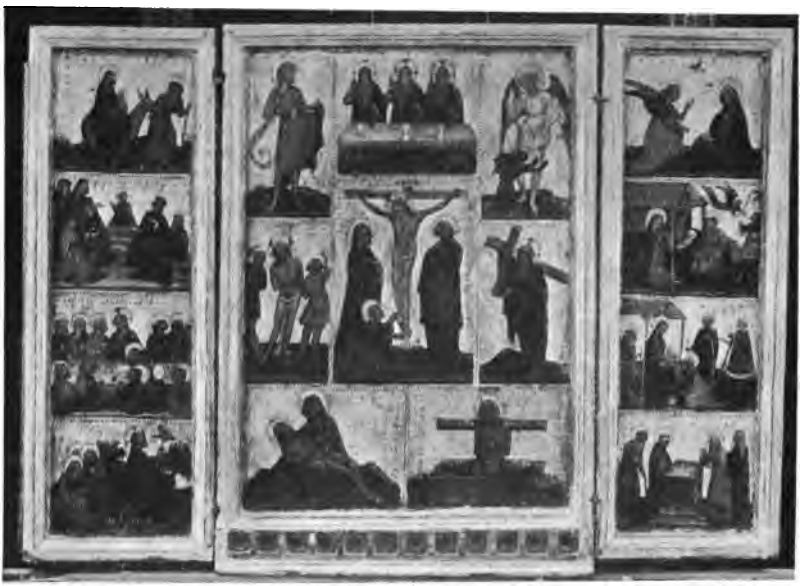
Years and years ago, before people knew how to print, the few books which were made were written by hand and it took a very long time to do it; so only a few could have them. The only way most of the people could read their favorite Bible stories was to read them in color, as they were painted on the walls of the churches by the artists who lived at the time. The men, the women, and the children would often go into the beautiful churches to read these pictured stories and to pray before their especial saints. These pictures were not painted in oil or water-color and hung upon the walls, framed, but they were painted on the walls themselves or on wooden panels covered with plaster, and the background was covered with a thin layer of gold leaf. The sky was not blue as we see it, but gold, and everything was stiff and unreal. But a man who was born in 1182, seven hundred and thirty-six years ago, changed not only the lives of the people but the subjects of the painted pictures, making them become more human and real, and not done so much by rule and according to a set pattern.

We all know about St. Francis who was born in Assisi and who went about preaching charity to one's neighbors, obedience, and the sharing of one's goods with the poor. He loved everyone, all men from the king to the poorest person in the kingdom. He loved animals and birds, too, and they loved him.

"When St. Francis spake words to them, the birds began all of them to open their beaks and spread their wings and reverently bend their heads down to the ground, and by their acts and by

their songs did show that the holy Father gave them joy exceeding great."

Then after St. Francis died, his followers built churches and



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

ALTARPIECE

By a Sienese artist of the 15th century.

The Sienese school of the Italian painters cared a great deal about the telling of the story, about color and decoration, but not about making things look real. They made the sky of gold instead of blue as it really is, and you will see from this picture that the people are not like real people with forms underneath the clothing, but look like figures cut out of paper. The Florentine school of the Italian painters, however, did study the human form itself and made their pictures just as real and natural as they could.

upon the wet plaster of the walls, artists painted pictures of his life. One of the scenes they loved to picture was that of St.

Francis with the birds, and to do this, the artists could not follow the rules which had been laid down for so many years about the figures in the Holy Pictures, but they had to look at real birds before they painted them. So in this way their pictures began to be much more real and human. I am going to tell you, now, about Giotto, a painter of this time who made very real and vivid pictures of the life of St. Francis on the walls of the church which his followers built in his memory at Assisi.

"THOU art old enough to take my sheep to pasture and tend them," one day long ago said a shepherd, Bondone by name, in Vespignano, a little village about fourteen miles from the famous city of Florence in Italy. He was talking to his ten-year-old boy, Giotto, who was lying in the cool, long grass brightened here and there with gay flowers. Straight up at the soft summer sky the boy was gazing and as he watched the delicate, veil-like clouds flying past and listened to the bird music, he dreamed and dreamed all about the big city of Florence of which he had heard but never seen, and about the names of the great men who managed the affairs of the city, and above all of the painters who made beautiful pictures. But his father's voice brought him back from his dreams, and he jumped to his feet at once, answering:

"I am ten years old, my father, and can well tend thy sheep for thee, and I like to go with them up on the hills all covered with greens and browns and yellows, and I like to lie under the olive-trees and think. Father, dost think that the great Giovanni Cimabue will stay long in Florence?"

"He comes to paint the Blessed Virgin with the Holy Child in her arms in the abbey of the Santa Trinità, and I doubt that he has the time to stay longer in the city, than to finish the picture, my lad: but why dost thou ask?"

"Oh my father," cried the boy, his eyes flashing, "if only I, too, could paint pictures for the church! Dost think if I wish for it hard enough, it will come true?"

"Thy duty now is to care for my sheep, Giotto my son," answered his father, looking at him rather strangely, for the boy had queer notions in his head and was not content to play with the other peasant boys after his work was done but was always found with his piece of sharp stone which served him as a pencil and with which he would draw trees and flowers and sheep on the smooth surface of a rock, or he would mark pictures on the earth or sand.

"Yes, father," answered Giotto obediently, giving

him a bright smile, for he was a sunny lad even if he did have queer notions compared with the other village boys.

So away he went following his sheep on the hillsides wherever the grass was good to feed upon. When they had found an especially good place Giotto sat down beneath the silver leaves of a great olive tree and watched the sheep feasting upon the grass. He sat there idly, dreamily, for a few moments, then he jumped to his feet and hurried to a great rock a little distance away, one side of which was smooth. From his pocket he drew out a little sharp stone, his pencil, and looked about him eagerly. "Which shall it be to-day, little piece of stone, a flower, a tree or the clouds in the sky? I know! I have it! I shall draw one of my sheep, that nice fleecy one over there, right in front of me having such a good time munching the grass!"

With quick, skilful marks with his sharp stone, Giotto drew his favorite sheep on the rock, and so absorbed was he in his work that he did not notice that someone was leaning over him, for the footsteps of the stranger had been muffled in the soft grass.

"Who art thou, boy, and what art thou doing?" asked a strange voice suddenly, close to Giotto's ear.

The boy jumped to his feet, the little stone falling from his fingers in his amazement. "I am Giotto," he cried, with flushed cheeks, "Giotto Bondone who lives in that cottage in the little village below the hills, and I am making a picture of one of my father's sheep."

"So I have seen," answered the tall stranger, smiling. "But who taught thee? What painter is there here on these hillsides to give thee lessons and why dost thou not draw with a pencil on paper?"

"No one has given me lessons, Sire," answered the boy, embarrassed that a stranger should see his drawings. "While I am here on the hillsides, I just draw what I see about me, sometimes the birds and the flowers and the trees, and sometimes, as to-day, the sheep; and there is no one here in Vespignano to teach me and I have no paper and pencils. Dost thou come from the great city of Florence and hast thou, perchance, seen one of the beautiful pictures painted by the great Master Cimabue?"

"I have, my lad, for I am Giovanni Cimabue, whom thou art pleased to call 'great.' Turn not away, boy," for Giotto, covered with confusion that the great painter of whom all Florence was talking had seen his rough attempts at drawing, had started

to run away. "Thou hast a fine eye and hand and wilt become a painter thyself, with training. Wouldst thou like to go to Florence with me and study how to paint?"

"With thee, the great Master?" cried Giotto, scarcely able to believe his own ears. "If only I might! But my father is old and needs me and I know not if he will wish me to go."

"Let us find him and tell him of our plan," said the painter, and down the hillside they went together, following the sheep, until they came to the little cottage.

"He is a good lad," answered Bondone gravely, "a good lad and a bright one. I should miss his help should he go, but more than that his laughter and his merry ways, but if thou art ready to take him with thee and teach him, I would not stand in his way, for he has ever wished to paint."

So it was arranged, and one day Giotto started out from the little village in the company of the master. There were other men in attendance on the painter, for he was far-famed and honored. Trumpets sounded as the little procession left the village and all the people gathered to see them go. Giotto himself, the little peasant boy, rode on a beautiful horse, seated

on a saddle inlaid with patterns of gold, and all around him fluttered banners and plumes.

"God keep thee, my son, and teach thee what thou wouldst learn!" cried Giotto's old father, as he waved him farewell.

To Giotto, the shepherd-boy, Cimabue's workshop was a marvelous place, full of all sorts of surprises. He had to work hard and it was not always—and indeed not for a long time—at drawing or painting such as he wished to learn, but at all sorts of odd jobs. "There is much hard work and a great amount of patience required before thou canst become a painter," the master would often say to the boys who worked as apprentices in his workshop. "The floors must be swept, colors must be prepared, brushes cleaned, and cartoons pricked, but sometime will come the opportunity to arrange the colors on my palette and copy my drawings," Cimabue would say, and always they could watch and study how the master painted. Then, whoever was found worthy would be given parts of the real painting to do, draperies and portions of backgrounds and at last whole pictures under the master's directions.

One day Cimabue was suddenly called away from his workshop, leaving on his easel an unfinished figure.

Giotto was busy on a drawing at which the master had set him, but each time he looked up, the face of the figure on the canvas met his eyes, and the wet paint glistened on the rather prominent nose. Giotto's eyes began to twinkle: "That nose will not let me work in peace until I have put upon it an ornament," he chuckled. Accordingly he took one of the brushes which Cimabue had thrown down as he hurried away, and deftly painted a fly right on the tip of the nose! It was a very life-like fly, so much so that you could almost hear it buzz! When the master returned, he hurriedly took up his brushes, eager to finish his picture. He raised his hand to paint, and then exclaimed impatiently, "Thou bothersome fly, get thou away from this fresh paint," and he tried to brush it away, believing it was real. "Thou mischievous boy," he cried when he found out how he had been deceived, "dost thou thus spend thy moments when I am not here to watch thee? But I cannot scold thee, my lad, for it has well shown thy skill in painting. See what thou canst do at painting a picture by thyself."

This was just what Giotto had been longing to do and he scarcely breathed until the picture was finished; and behold, instead of the stiff figure of

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

THE VISIT OF THE MAGI

By the School of Giotto.

In this picture a follower of Giotto, the first of the Florentine painters, is trying to get away from the old stiff rules and make the people and the landscape look natural. The sky is still of gold but he has tried to make a landscape background for his figures although he is not very skilful at it yet, and the high rock doesn't look off in the distance as he meant it to be. But he has made real forms so that they look like real people, and the folds in the draperies hang as they naturally would in big folds following the figure beneath, and not in many meaningless lines such as the Sienese artists made.

a Madonna and a baby looking like a little old man, such as the people were accustomed to see in their holy pictures, there was a real mother and a real baby! Giotto looked at the mothers and babies he saw in Florence, at the houses and the trees, and he tried to paint from nature just what he saw instead of copying the unreal figures which the artists before him had made according to set rules.

To us his pictures look very queer, but they were the beginning of all the beautiful, life-like pictures which have come after them. "It is wonderful!" the people of Florence said as they stood spell-bound before his work, and mothers brought their babies to see the pictures. Children peered delightedly into the workshop to see the pictures of real animals which were not like queer little figures cut out of paper with no form at all, as they had been when painted by the artists before him, who never studied real people and animals but had copied the stiff, unreal figures of the artists before them.

Not only did Giotto decorate the fair city of Florence with wonderfully painted pictures and marble ones—for he was a sculptor and architect as well as a painter, and built the beautiful bell-tower reaching far up into the sky and skilfully decorated—

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

ST. CHRISTOPHER

By Pollaiuolo, a later artist of the Florentine school, who studied just how to represent the human form.

You all know the story of this picture: how the giant, Christopher, wanted to serve the most powerful King in the world, and finally, by living a life of service in carrying people across a turbulent stream, carried the Christ Child across and so found and served the most powerful King in the world. The artist who painted this has studied just how the muscles are placed in the body and he has made the hills look far away in the distance, and the sky of blue.

but he worked in other cities, Padua, Rome, and Assisi, a city of Umbria.

"Thou must decorate our church of St. Francis," said Fra Giovanni di Muro who invited him to Assisi; and "Hail to Giotto Bondone, the beloved painter of the Florentines!" cried the people who had gathered to welcome the artist to their city. Now Giotto dearly loved the story of the life of the good St. Francis, and right gladly did he and Cimabue decorate the church with many pictures. All about St. Francis he wrote in color so that the people who visited the church could read the story just as easily as from a book, and to them the pictures took the place of printed stories. Giotto was very fond of animals and birds: he remembered his early life upon the hills of Vespignano where he used to sit and watch his father's sheep and the birds flitting across the cloud-swept sky, so he took great delight in painting the picture of "St. Francis Preaching to the Birds." He pictured the Saint as he said to the birds which had gathered around him, 'Birds, my brothers, you ought to praise your Creator much, who clothed you in plumes, and gave you feathers for flying, who granted to you the purity of the air, and without anxiety of yours directs you.' Very tenderly did

Giotto tell this story in colors, and the figure of St. Francis bending over his friends, the birds, is made to show his love and sympathy for them; and just as full of tenderness and reality are the pictures of the Madonna and Child upon which he worked in the Arena Chapel at Padua: and those of the two chapels in the Franciscan Church of Santa Croce in Florence where once more he told the story of the Saint of Assisi.

ST. FRANCIS PREACHING TO THE BIRDS

Part of an altarpiece in the Louvre at Paris, and said to have been painted by Giotto.

The birds are flying all around St. Francis and Giotto has made them look like real birds and has put a real tree in the picture and made St. Francis and his companion look like real men.

Finally the Pope, having heard so much about this great painter who had once been a shepherd boy but who had then become very famous, sent a messenger to Florence to find out what manner of man he might be. "Seek out this Giotto of whom all are talking," instructed the Pope,

"and get him to give thee some of his designs that I may compare them with those of other artists and discover for myself in what way he differs from them." Accordingly the messenger, on his way to Florence, visited artists in Siena and obtained designs from them and when he reached Florence he set out in all haste to the workshop of Giotto of whom he had heard so much.

"My master, His Holiness, desires to have painted the walls of the Church of St. Peter at Rome," announced the messenger, "and he has asked me to take back to him designs from our well-known painters. Wilt thou not give to me one of thy drawings that I may present it to His Holiness?"

"Right willingly," answered Giotto courteously, though if the messenger had been watching very closely, he might have seen a twinkle in the painter's eyes and noticed that a little smile hovered upon his lips. Giotto at once took a sheet of paper and a pencil which he dipped in red color, and then, forming a compass by resting his elbow on his side, he drew a very perfect and complete circle. "Take this to His Holiness," he said, smiling and holding the paper out to the messenger. "Nothing but this?" the latter questioned, disappointed, for he had expected

an elaborate drawing from the great Giotto. "That is all," answered Giotto quietly, returning to his work. What was the messenger's amazement when he returned all the designs to the Pope, among them Giotto's circle, telling him how it had been made without the aid of compasses, to hear the Pope and courtiers say, "This Giotto has far surpassed all others!"

The round "O" of Giotto became a proverb with the people of that time, and when anything was very round indeed they would say, "As round as the O of Giotto," and the Pope invited Giotto to Rome where he was given every honor and where he painted an altarpiece and several other pictures in the Church of St. Peter, to the great delight of all the people.

So all through his life Giotto made the cities in which he worked more beautiful by his art and made his pictures seem real and human, pleasing the people far better than the stiff and unnatural ones of other painters; and those who came after him kept on trying to make their pictures real and vivid, and well-arranged, keeping in mind what the "Father of Italian Painting," Giotto, had taught them.

A GREAT SCULPTOR: MICHELANGELO

The wonderful old city of Florence, in Italy, was governed in the Middle Ages, by eight magistrates, called Priori. They held their office for two months at a time, after which others were elected in their places. Each of these magistrates had a trade and belonged to one of the guilds of tradesmen, for Florence always encouraged her people to learn trades as well as the arts. It was natural that some of these merchants should become very rich and powerful, and of course there was jealousy among them, and there were many parties in the city hostile to one another. There was the famous Medici family who were at first bankers but who were later Grand Dukes of Florence, and this great family encouraged the writers and the painters of the time, the architects and the sculptors.

It was in the 13th century that the dignified men who ruled over Florence suddenly realized that Pisa, Siena, and other neighboring towns were building great churches and cathedrals to beautify their cities, while their own city, though larger, was behind in this. There was always rivalry among them, so the people of Florence lost no time in making their city more splendid. Great fortress-like palaces, cathedrals and churches were built by skilful workmen, and often the builders were painters and sculptors, besides, so that they could decorate the insides of the buildings, too.

You have heard a story about the great painter Giotto who made wonderful pictures on the walls of churches which served the common people instead of books, for at that time they could

not read, but all could understand and enjoy these beautiful sacred stories. I am going to tell you now about another great artist who lived in Florence, later than Giotto, Michelangelo, a wonderful sculptor and painter who rose far above most men and whose works, like organ music, thrill one with their grandeur and power.

"HE shall be named Michelangelo," said Lodovico Buonnarroti one Sunday morning four hundred and forty-four years ago, for in the little house among the mountains at Caprese a son had been born the night before and the proud and happy father, Lodovico, was much excited.

"He will become a great man!" he said to the baby's nineteen-year-old mother. "We shall live to be proud of him, Francesca mia, for late last night the stars in the heavens, Mercury and Venus, were wondrously bright and shining and favorable in their omens. And, Francesca, Ascanio and Torrigiano, our wise men, declare that there is in one born at that time something divine and unusual and that to him will be a great career; so Michelangelo shall be his name, after our great Archangel Michael!"

"He shall be brought up near the great city of Florence," murmured his mother: for Lodovico's office of mayor came to an end just then and he took

his little wife and two children to Settignano, a village about three miles from the great city. There on a farm they lived and the little Michelangelo was

MICHELANGELO

From the portrait in the Museum of the Capitol, Rome.

often cared for by a stone-cutter's wife, for in the village were many stone-cutters and sculptors, so rich was the place in stone quarries.

What fun it was to watch the chisels and the

hammers! The little boy used to sit by the hour watching the stone-cutters at their work. "But he must go to school and not waste his time with these people," his anxious mother would say: so one day she took him by the hand and said, "Come, little son, I must take thee to the place of learning kept by Messer Francesco: he will teach thee to read and to write and to understand Latin." But the days went on and the boy found that he did not care half so much for the lessons that he studied in school as for the leisure moments when he was free to busy himself with pencil and paper.

"My son will become a dunce!" Lodovico would angrily exclaim. "Behold, he does nothing but make marks upon a paper and but yesterday he drew on the clean walls of my house pictures of strange looking animals and men! I fear me the wise men knew not of what they talked when they said he would bring us fame and honor! Francesca, the boy must be taught!"

"But mother," Michelangelo would say in reply to her anxious questions, "Francesco Granacci, my friend in school, has already entered the workshop of Domenico Ghirlandajo, a great master in Florence, to study painting. Oh mother, tell father that I, too,

can draw and learn to paint, and Francesco gives me each day the designs which the master gives him, and I want to enter the studio, too!"

"Let him go," impatiently agreed Lodovico at last, several years later, finding that he could not keep his son from drawing. So when Michelangelo was fourteen years old his father placed him in Ghirlandajo's studio, hoping that he would get so that he could contribute towards the family expenses, for there were then four children and little money.

Michelangelo's heart sang as he took his place in the workshop of the master with Francesco and the other boys who were there to help in the grinding and mixing of colors and the cleaning of brushes, and who would thus have the opportunity to watch the painter at his work and learn from him. Many easels were there and canvases and beautiful drawings on huge sheets of paper. How proud he was the first time the master said, "Michelangelo, thou mayst help me transfer this drawing of one of my paintings of the life of the Blessed Virgin, to the wall in the chapel of Santa Maria Novella." There in the chapel the boys helped their master all they could, and one day when Ghirlandajo had gone out, Michelangelo, whose fingers could not long keep from handling paper and pencil,

took a sheet of paper and with rapid strokes drew the scaffolding upon which the master sat as he painted his beautiful figures upon the wall, the ladders, and the men working there, helping. Absorbed in his work, he did not hear footsteps behind him until he felt a hand laid upon his shoulder and looking up, saw Ghirlandajo himself standing behind him.

"'This one knows more of it than I!'" cried the astonished Ghirlandajo turning to his assistants. "He shall be of great aid to me!" So wonderful was the boy's gift for drawing that sometimes he would better the drawings of figures made even by the master, until Ghirlandajo began to realize that he had a pupil who would soon surpass him.

In Florence at this time was a member of the famous Medici family, Lorenzo the Magnificent, who helped and encouraged all artists and writers and who was especially fond of all the arts. He kept in the gardens of the Medici at San Marco the sculptor Bertoldo as guardian of the many beautiful statues he had placed there, and he encouraged students to come there where they might have this Bertoldo for a guide, hoping to form a school of painters and sculptors. So one day Lorenzo honored the workshop of Ghirlandajo with a visit and asked him, "What

pupils hast thou, Domenico, whom thou wouldst select as most worthy to come to my gardens for the sake of study? Those whom thou shalt select will I help and encourage, that Florence may bring up great artists who will do her honor in later years."

"Michelangelo and Francesco shall go," answered Ghirlandajo, "and watch well the first, son of Lodovico of Settignano, for he has many gifts."

"What fun this will be, Francesco," said the eager-eyed Michelangelo delightedly as they entered the garden the next day. "See, there is a youth copying a relief! I will see what I can do!" Thereupon he set to work to copy it out of terra-cotta, and was busy at it when the great Lorenzo appeared.

"My boy, thou art skilful, but spend not thy time at this; see what thou canst do in marble at copying this head of an old faun," he said, pointing to a head with a beard and a laughing face although the mouth was so marred by time that it could scarcely be seen.

Michelangelo set quickly to work and such a marvelous copy did he make in a few days that Lorenzo was amazed. "Thou hast made a good likeness of the laughing mouth," he said, smiling, "but thy fancy has led thee astray in that thou hast shown the teeth of the old fellow: 'thou shouldst have re-

membered that old folks never retain all their teeth, but some of them are always wanting!'"

Michelangelo thought that he was in earnest in what he said, and after Lorenzo had turned away, he hastily broke out a tooth. "Bravo, my boy," cried Lorenzo, much amused, upon his return, "thou wilt succeed, I know. I shall ask thy father to intrust thee to my care for I will look after thee as my own son."

A COPY OF MICHELANGELO'S MASK OF A LAUGHING FAUN

Florence, Bargello.

See where Michelangelo has knocked out some of the teeth!

Lodovico finally agreed and Michelangelo was given a room in the palace of the Medici where he met many people of rank and Lorenzo's three sons, Piero, Giuliano and Giovanni who afterwards became Pope Leo the Tenth. For several years Michelangelo lived in the Palazzo Medici, where he met the most prominent men of the time and heard

them talk about the great preacher of Florence, Savonarola, and heard his inspiring sermons at the Duomo. He learned to love the wonderful Florentine poet, Dante, and it was here that he formed his admiration for the Bible which he felt all his life.

Sometimes he would go with other young artists to the little chapel of the Carmine to study from the great wall paintings by Masaccio, the wonderful painter who knew how to make all his figures seem real and alive. Often he would copy some of them, to the great amazement of his friends. But there was one fellow student, Torrigiano, who was jealous of his success and one day he became angry and cried out, "Thou thinkest that thou art better than the rest of us! Thou boasting fellow, take that!" Thereupon he gave him a resounding blow upon the nose with his closed fist, making him have a crooked nose for the rest of his life!

When Lorenzo the Magnificent died in 1492, Michelangelo was full of sorrow over the death of the great man who had been so true a friend to him. Piero de Medici, Lorenzo's son, was far different from his father and did not love the arts as he had. He thought to rule the affairs of Florence as his father had done, but he was weak where Lorenzo had been

strong, and trouble came between him and the Florentine people. But before the storm broke and the Medici were driven from the city, Michelangelo, warned by a dream as he said, left by night only a few weeks before Piero and his brothers fled from the city. With two companions he traveled to Venice, Bologna and Rome, ever studying the works of art which he found in those cities. After a time, however, he said to himself, "Once more I wish to return to my city of Florence where I may see the great Tower of Giotto, the wonderful palaces with their gardens, and the olive and cypress trees on the hills beyond."

So after his year's wandering he returned to Florence. The Medici were still in exile, though no one treated Michelangelo ill because of his connection with them. "My son, my son," said his old father, receiving him with open arms, "to think that I once opposed thy becoming an artist! Full of pride am I now at the great works that thou hast made and the fame which thou hast won!"

Then one day, soon after his return, it was suggested to him that he try to carve a statue out of a great block of marble which for thirty-five years had remained in the Works of the Cathedral of

St. Mary of the Flowers. Many artists had tried to make something out of it but had failed. "I shall make a statue of David," Michelangelo said, "for just as David, the Hebrew boy, defended and saved his people, so should the rulers of this city 'defend it with courage and govern it uprightly.'" Then he made a little wax model of David with a sling in his hand, and finally carved it out of marble and it was set up in the courtyard of the Palazzo Vecchio. When the people of Florence gathered to see it, great was their admiration: white and shining stood the lad in the brilliant sunshine, every muscle firm and strong, and ready to send forth from his sling the stone which would slay the giant. Strength there was in every part, strength of body and of face, and everyone marveled at the work.

"Greater works even than this shall he do!" the old and wise men of the city cried, "for was he not born under the most favorable of stars?" Greater things he did; he carved holy pictures and statues, prophets, angels, and the Madonna and Child. Then a second time he visited Rome where he accomplished his mightiest works. Julius II was Pope, broad-minded and ambitious and a patron of the arts. Both he and Michelangelo were impetuous, energetic and

ambitious, filled with great schemes, and it was this pope who, admiring what he had heard of Michelangelo, invited him to Rome.

STATUE OF DAVID

By Michelangelo.

Florence, Accademia diBelle Arte. Michelangelo, who belonged to the Florentine School of artists just as Giotto, has studied the human form very carefully and has put every bone and muscle in place.

"Thou shalt build a monument to me, a marvelous tomb," the Pope said, "and I will watch thee daily at thy work." Thereupon he had a drawbridge built joining the corridor of the church and the artist's studio in the Castello. With his usual splendid energy Michelangelo set to work planning the great pieces of sculpture which were to make famous the life of Pope Julius as the source of freedom from darkness of mind and of spirit. A huge statue of Moses, the lawgiver, he made, and the figures of slaves straining and struggling to be free, but the

tomb was never finished although Michelangelo was trying to complete it for forty years. Pope Julius already had another plan in mind, the painting of the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican, the walls of which had already been decorated by such great Italian painters as Botticelli, Ghirlandajo and Perugino, and he bade Michelangelo leave off working on his tomb saying, "It is a bad omen to work on one's tomb during his lifetime for it might be taken as an 'invitation to death.' Thou shalt paint the ceiling of my chapel in the Vatican, a work much more glorious for thee and for me."

"Holy Father," answered Michelangelo, "I am a sculptor and know well how to carve figures out of stone but I know little of the use of colors in painting, except what I learned of mixing colors in the workshop of Ghirlandajo."

"I have heard much about thy success in his service and of how thou wert wont to take the paper and pencil thyself and make drawings of thy comrades as well as correct those made by the master, so I know that thou art well able to do the work, an' thou wilt."

So Michelangelo made up his mind to do it, and when once he had determined a thing he let nothing

Here is the wonderful ceiling of all these Bible stories, and of the Sibyls, the Prophets and the Athletes. Just think of anyone being able to paint this lying upon his back upon a high scaffolding!

CEILING OF THE SISTINE CHAPEL IN THE VATICAN, ROME
Painted by Michelangelo.

stand in his way. A high scaffolding he had erected and on it he worked, lying on his back, for he was painting on the ceiling above. "Truly it makes my neck ache and mine eyes," he would say, but still he would keep on with his work, alone and silent. So many days did he paint there with his face turned upwards that he injured his eyes so that for several months he could neither read letters nor look at drawings. Day after day he worked, sleeping and eating little and sometimes working during the night, wearing a little cap of paste-board with a candle placed in the center to give him light and yet keep his hands free.

"Art thou not almost finished?" Pope Julius would impatiently ask again and again as he watched the figures grow.

"When I shall have done all that I can to make them perfect," answered Michelangelo firmly.

"'We command that you satisfy our wish to have it done quickly,'" returned the angry Julius, "else thou shalt be thrown headlong from the scaffold!"

So at last, although the figures were not yet finished, Michelangelo was forced to uncover them, so impatient had the Pope become, and the people of Rome thronged to see the great frescoes. "This

Michelangelo is a marvel, a giant!" they exclaimed. "Such beauty of form and of line and such a feeling of strength have we never seen before!"

ATHLETIC FIGURE ON THE CEILING OF THE SISTINE CHAPEL IN THE VATICAN AT ROME

By Michelangelo.

Here is one of the marvelous human forms which Michelangelo painted looking almost as if it were a modeled figure, and showing the perfection and beauty of the human body.

Marvelous indeed were the human forms, picturing God the Creator making the world and the first man and woman. There were, too, the mysterious figures

of the Sibyls who had foretold the coming of one to redeem the pagan world, and of the Prophets who prophesied the coming of a Redeemer to the Jewish people. Glorious figures of athletes he made, each one aglow with physical beauty and the strength and joy of life, and just as skilfully did he understand how to make the forms of children, each one full of the joy and the happiness of child life.

"It is truly wonderful, this story of the Creation to the time of Noah," pronounced the art lovers, "and thou hast done it in so reverent a manner as to make it all majestic and grand."

"I have ever been a great admirer of the Bible," replied the artist gravely.

Besides these marvelous paintings on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel and the Last Judgment painted upon the end wall, Michelangelo worked on the Tombs of the Medici in the Church of San Lorenzo at Florence, representing all the parts of the Universe, Dawn and Day, Twilight and Night.

For many years Michelangelo lived, until he became an old man. So far above others did he tower in the grandeur of his thoughts and plans, that he had few companions and was much alone. It was in Florence that he had begun his work and there he

had the closest ties, so that when he died in Rome, he was taken back to Florence, the city which he loved, and buried in the Church of Santa Croce. But Michelangelo, the great genius, will always live so long as his marvelous and powerful figures shall last.

AT THE COURT OF PHILIP IV OF SPAIN

Until the seventeenth century the Spanish artists had to make pictures just for the church and they could not make them of the real people they saw around them, but had to make stiff and gloomy pictures of only the subjects which the church wanted, just as the Italian artists had to do at a much earlier time. Then came the seventeenth century when two great artists changed all this, breaking away from the old stiffness. One of these painters was Murillo who liked to paint pictures of religious subjects in quite a new way, not at all stiff and formal as they had been before, but human and beautiful, and who painted many pictures also of the everyday life of the poor people. The other great artist was Velasquez who made very truthful and charming pictures of the royal family in Spain and became court painter to Philip IV of Spain, just as Anthony Van Dyck became court painter to Charles I of England. Both liked to put on canvas the children of their kings, and they made them look very real indeed. So now we are going to pretend that we are living about three hundred years ago in Spain, in the royal palace, at the time when Velasquez was court painter, and we will get acquainted with the royal children and with them listen to the brave deeds of the Cid, a great hero of Spain about whose life are woven many stories, and just as with all the other great heroes of the Long Ago, so many stories have been told about them for so many centuries, that it is hard to say just what is truth and what is fancy, but all is true to the spirit of the times.

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

PHILIP IV, KING OF SPAIN

By Velasquez.

It is said that this King who presided over the solemn Spanish court, smiled only three times in his life!

"IT will be so very tedious," sighed the little Infanta Maria Theresa to her brother Don Balthazar Carlos. The royal children of King Philip the Fourth of Spain in the seventeenth century, were seated in a big, dreary room in the Alcazar palace at Madrid. There were no great windows, such as we have to let in the light, but it was all very gloomy and cold indeed. On the walls of the great room were woven pictures of trees and animals, not bright in color but dark, and the ceiling was very high, the carved woodwork heavy, and the pavement

of marble. There was nothing homelike in the great palace room, not even when the tall wax torches and the candles in the huge chandeliers were lighted, making the ceiling seem all the more high, while the drawn curtains of dark green silk embroidered with gold thread into patterns of scrolls, made the room seem all the more heavy.

As the little Infanta spoke, she too, looked weary and gloomy, and she was not flitting about playing games as most children of eleven would be doing, but sat very still and straight in a high chair with a tall back and very heavy carving. She did not look like a real little girl, either, because of her clothes, but far more like a little girl pretending at being grown up. She was dressed in a most magnificent gown of rose and silver with a very wide and heavy skirt spread out over a hoop and extending way down to the floor, a tight, uncomfortable looking waist, a beautiful broad lace collar fastened in front with a bright bow, and over all—skirt, waist and sleeves—much heavy silver braid. But most uncomfortable of all, she wore a wig frizzed in many ringlets.

At last, from across the big room the figure of a boy emerged from the shadows and he listlessly asked, "What will be tedious, sister?" He was Don

Balthazar Carlos, her brother, heir to the throne of Spain, and several years older than she. He, too,

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

MARIANA OF AUSTRIA

By the School of Velasquez.

Do you wonder that this little grown-up girl looks sad when you think of the way she had to dress and behave at the gloomy Spanish court?

was elaborately dressed in a black velvet suit trimmed with heavy silver braid, and a black velvet cape falling from his shoulders, but he was a real boy for

all that, once he got out with his favorite pony and rode galloping away with his pet dogs following close behind.

"Once more I must be painted! Should you not think, brother, that Diego Rodriguez de Silva y Velasquez would be tired of being court painter and making our pictures so many times?" asked the Infanta Maria Theresa, languidly putting into a vase some beautiful roses, while with her handkerchief, so big that it resembled a table covering, she flicked away a petal which had caught itself in the heavy silver braid of her gown.

"But think of the honor conferred upon Velasquez in being permitted to paint so often our father, His Majesty, King of Spain, our late mother, the Queen, and us, their royal children!" Don Balthazar spoke quite formally as became the heir to the throne, for he was a true prince, this little boy who was born to command and rule, yet who died in boyhood.

"Thy betrothed, Mariana of Austria," said the Infanta very formally, also, although the Princess of Austria was but a child herself, only twelve years of age, "the Princess Mariana likes to be painted! No doubt she desires to send back to her home pictures of herself at the Spanish court during her visit to us."

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

DON BALTHAZAR CARLOS

By the School of Velasquez.

He looks like a real little boy in spite of the elaborate way he is dressed!

"That is just what I wish to do," said the little Princess in question, entering the great room at that

moment, followed by her ladies-in-waiting and one of the funny little court dwarfs with his big head and small body: for the Spanish court kept many of these queer little people as jesters and toys to keep them from forgetting how to laugh, so gloomy was the Royal Palace.

"Come, Pachito, give us more of thy pranks! His Majesty tells me it is not comely for me to laugh too heartily at thy tricks, but I tell him that I cannot but do so, so delightfully funny thou art! But stay, Pachito, thou shalt make us smile when our court painter next puts us on canvas! To-morrow is the day for Maria Theresa, but remember to curb thy antics lest we laugh rather than smile sedately!" Mariana, too, wore a very long and wide hoop-skirt with far more elaborate trimming than that of the little Prince and Princess of Spain. Indeed, her heavy skirt was so wide that she looked as broad as she was long! On her fingers and wrists were rings and bracelets, and her wig was formed of many ringlets with a little red bow tied at the end of each and a long white feather drooping over at the right. She had not been long enough at the Spanish court to have lost all her gayety and to have become wholly grown-up and dignified, and the novelty of it all still

amused her. "At the hour of two, then, to-morrow," she added, sinking slowly down to the floor and rising very slowly as she had been taught, careful in the managing of her hoop-skirt which sometimes played her queer tricks. She had only recently learned to make one of the deep courtesies which were all the fashion at the Spanish court, and she delighted in showing her skill. Little did she dream that in two years' time she was to become the fourteen-year-old bride of King Philip, three times as old as she!

After the little Prince and Princess had courtesied properly in return to their guest, the Princess Mariana, they sat themselves down again upon their high and heavily carved chairs.

"It is so very stupid," sighed the Infanta Maria Theresa again. "Far more would I enjoy riding on my new horse or going to a bull-fight. Shall you ever forget the last one we went to, Don Carlos? How skilful the toreadors were and how fierce the bulls!" Even the thought of the spectacle caused the little girl's eyes to sparkle, for she saw nothing cruel in it but had been brought up to enjoy it as boys and girls to-day enjoy going to the circus. "What are you thinking about, brother? You look as if you had some fine secret plan."

"And so I have," answered Don Carlos, smiling. "The Princess Mariana has given me an idea. We will induce our court painter to let Pachito tell us a story to-morrow when you are having your picture painted, and I shall be there in the background, and perhaps even Princess Mariana if the tale Pachito tells us shall be exciting enough to keep her quiet."

"How wonderful you are, Don Carlos!" said Maria Theresa admiringly, almost clapping her hands, though that would not have been in keeping with a Spanish princess. "I shall not mind being painted if only I have something to hear and to see, and I can hear with my ears even if I cannot turn my head!"

So it was decided, and when the next day came, they found the court painter very willing to have a story told by the dwarf Pachito, who was well known to have marvelous tales ready at a moment's notice. "It is well, for I shall have more pleasant expressions on your faces," said the court painter, smiling, and then, as the King entered the room, he bowed low before him. Tall and slender was the great painter and he wore a black cloak and stiff, broad collar, above which rose his head, surrounded by heavy and long black hair. Very bright and searching were his eyes, as if he saw everything at

THE MAIDS OF HONOR

By Velasquez. Madrid, Prado.

This little picture of life in the great palace in Spain, looks very real indeed. It looks like a real room in which are real people. There stands Velasquez at his easel and in the center is the little Spanish Princess who is so tired of having her portrait painted! The queer little dwarfs are there to amuse her.

a glance, and seeing, knew well how to transfer it to his canvas just as it really was,—real people in real surroundings of light and depth and atmosphere.

"We greet thee, Diego Velasquez," said King Philip, his patron and friend, as he stood before him clad in black heavily decorated with silver and gold embroidery; "and we would have thee paint once again our daughter. Pachito, what art thou doing here? None of thy pranks, else thou might do mischief to the painting."

"It is quite in order, Your Majesty," answered Velasquez. "The Prince and Princess have requested Pachito to amuse them with one of his tales while I paint the Princess Maria Theresa, and by keeping her in good humor, he will help me in my work."

Philip's long sallow face and his pale eyes lighted for a moment with the flicker of a smile. "So be it, then," he replied, "but Pachito! Tell thou a tale which shall not call for amusement but for an expression befitting the countenance of our royal daughter. What hast thou in mind?"

"The story of our great Spanish hero, the Cid, Your Majesty," answered the dwarf humbly, on his knees before his sovereign. The King graciously nodded his long head in approval, and followed by

his attendants, he slowly walked to the rear of the room.

"If it please you, Princess, I am ready to begin," said Diego Velasquez, taking his stand before the easel, and getting ready his paints and brushes. "Stand there, just so, with that flower in your hand. Arrange her skirt and her hair!" he commanded her ladies-in-waiting, and in a moment the little princess was arranged, her exceedingly long and wide skirt in place, her hair in order, and upon her face a look of expectant interest which Velasquez hastened to paint. Don Carlos seated himself comfortably in the background and at his feet crouched the queer little dwarf, Pachito, while the Princess Mariana sat by his side. "Begin!" commanded the Prince, so Pachito commenced the story, swaying back and forth as he talked.

"A great hero have we, my royal master and mistress, as great as Roland the Brave of France, Rodrigo Diaz by name, who was born near Burgos six hundred years ago, and of wondrous fame was he as a knight. No insult would he brook nor treachery from high nor low, and honor he held always before him. The 'Cid' or 'Lord' he was called because five Moorish kings in one battle proclaimed him their

lord and victor, and he was 'campeador' or 'champion' of his country against the Moors. He was

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

A RELIEF—A PICTURE CARVED AGAINST A BACKGROUND—OF A KNIGHT ON HORSEBACK

By a Spanish sculptor of the 13th century.

Let us pretend that this knight in armor, with his shield on his arm, is the Cid of our story, starting out to perform all sorts of wonderful deeds.

married to the fair Doña Ximena Gomez who believed him greatest of all the Spanish men, and whom

he dearly loved, and splendid were the marriage festivities.

'From house to house all over, in the way where they must march;
They have hung it all with lances, and shields, and glittering helms,
Brought by the Campeador from out the Moorish realms.

'They have scattered olive branches and riches on the street,
And the ladies fling down garlands at the Campeador's feet;
With tapestry and broidery their balconies between,
To do his bridal honor, their walls the burghers screen.'

"Soon after his marriage, the brave knight went on a pilgrimage and everywhere he went he was careful to help the poor and the needy. One day he saw a leper lying by the roadside calling, 'Help! Help! or I perish!' None of the knights who traveled with the Cid would draw near to the leper, fearing lest they might fall ill of his awful disease, but straight up to him went our knight and raised him up and put him on his far-famed horse, Babieca, and kept him with him during the night. And lo! as the hour of midnight drew near, the Cid felt a cold wind upon him and he sat himself up and put out his hand to touch the leper by his side, but he was no longer there! A man in shining white ap-

peared before him and said, 'I am St. Lazarus, and I was the leper whom thou didst help for the sake of God, and in return He hath granted that whenever thou shalt feel this cold wind blowing upon thee, thou shalt know that thou wilt be successful in thy undertaking whatever it shall be. A great victor shalt thou be, and thy enemies shall fear thee mightily, for God has blessed thee.'

"Valiant deeds did the Cid perform and whenever he felt the cold blast he knew that victory was his as St. Lazarus had said. Many cities did he conquer and vast multitudes of the enemy Moors, for it was the desire of his King, Fernando, to release Spain from the hands of the Infidels. He served Fernando's sons Sancho and Alfonso as faithfully and valiantly as their father, though through the jealousy of his enemies, he was banished by both the kings and in sorrow he left his 'hall deserted, the household chests unfastened, the doors open, no cloaks hanging up, no seats in the porch, no hawks upon the perches.' But three times came he back from exile by order of the King who missed him in his battles against the Moors. Then, when once again he was banished, the Cid Champion forswore his allegiance to Alfonso and rode away with his brave followers. Many adven-

tures had he on his journeys, among them the capture of the city of Valencia whose ruler he became and where he made his dwelling place of great magnificence. It is true that the Moors encamped round about it, but the Cid cried, 'Sound thy drums, oh warriors, for we shall conquer!' Many thousands of the enemy were put to flight and the wonderful sword, Tizona, belonging to the Moorish King Yusef fell into the hands of our Cid, with which he later won countless victories. Yet merciful was the Champion to the people in the cities he besieged and he spared their lives and protected their wives and their children.

"But the time came when this wonderful champion of our country fell sorely ill, and to him while in that state, was brought the word that Bucar, the brother of Yusef, both of whom he had defeated in battle before, was coming again against Valencia with a force three times as strong. That night, as the hour of midnight approached, and the King lay in his weakness ever trying to plan how to save his city, a marvelous brightness enfolded him, and he saw an old man before him with keys in his hand.

"'I am St. Peter,' the old man said, 'and am come to tell thee that in thirty days thou shalt leave this

world, but even in thy death shalt thou conquer the Moorish King Bucar, and save thy city!' A wonderful plan did the Saint unfold, and the Cid assembled his people and bade them bring him rose-water and balsam and myrrh and mix it together for him to drink each day. Day by day he grew fresher and fairer though his strength was ever failing. At last he called his wife, the Bishop, and his three faithful friends, and said, 'when I am gone, ye shall not mourn and cry aloud lest the Moors hear of my leaving, but sound the trumpets and the drums! Dress my body as in life and bind me on my good horse Babieca with my sword, Tizona, in my hand, and my banner flying. Then enter into battle with Bucar the Moor, and be assured ye shall win!'

"Concealing their grief as best they could, his wife and his friends did as he had requested. In full armor was he clad, with his sword, his shield and his banner, and straight through the gates of the city did his army ride against the foe, who, when they saw the Cid coming against them, broke and fled, for they knew well his valor. Victorious were our men and after the battle they took the great Cid, in grief, to Burgos and placed him in the Church of San Pedro, where many people came to look in

awe upon the great Spanish Champion who had done such marvelous deeds at all times."

As Pachito ceased speaking, Don Balthazar heaved a deep sigh: "Is that *all?*" he inquired, wishing for more. "If only I could be as brave as our Cid!"

"I would not mind being painted if I could hear a story each time," said the Infanta Maria Theresa, stretching herself after being still so long, but full of interest in the story.

"That will be all for to-day, but thou must come each time, Pachito, and amuse us with one of thy tales," said Velasquez, the court painter, smiling, "for never before have I made so charming a picture."

THE PICTURE CHILDREN'S PARTY

Very often this year we have used that magic gift of ours which we call "Imagination," and it has taken us into all sorts of marvelous adventures and introduced us to many strange and interesting people. "Let's make-believe" or "Let's pretend" is all we have to say, words just as magic as "Open Sesame" was to Ali Baba of the "Arabian Nights." So to-day, we are going to say those magic words which will enable us to bring to life, for a little while, some of the "Picture Children" in the Metropolitan Museum of New York City and perhaps, if we say the words times enough and earnestly enough, some of the "Picture Children" from other Museums will visit us, too.

Of course it is only very seldom that we can get them to step out of their frames, so we shall have to be ever so quiet and yet very glad to see them when they do come, else they will all run back into their places and become just pictures once more.

So now let us wish very hard and long that by means of our wonderful magic gift these little folk will move and talk, just for this once; all ready now—we will wish together and see what will come to pass!

ALL the doors of the Metropolitan Museum in New York City had been closed and securely locked and bolted to make everything ready for the night. The lights had gone out and the night watchman with his flashlight had made his

rounds. Not a sound was there except for the rumble of the traffic outside.

The hours slipped by, and once more the watchman made his rounds and saw that "all was well." Again there was the deepest of silences until suddenly there came a queer sound of something heavy falling upon the floor with a ringing noise. Had the watchman been going by, he would have been sure that some one was breaking into one of the cases and had dropped his heavy tools. Silence for a moment, and then unmistakably the sound of a little voice: "Oh dear! I just knew that some day I should drop that big sword and now I have! I've wanted to, times enough, but never did before until to-night when I was able to move because real boys and girls were wishing for me to change from a Picture Boy into a Real Boy again. I must say, it's rather quiet and dark here, but how good it is to step out of that frame and move once more. I say! Is any one else alive?"

"Mother!" called a little voice from across the room, "Mother!" See, I can move and so can sister, and, oh mother, the little French boy on the opposite wall whom I have been looking at for so long is alive too, and outside of his frame, sword and all! I wonder if he knows that we are French!"

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

THE BOY WITH A SWORD

By Edouard Manet.

The sword looks almost as big as the boy, and no wonder that, in our story, he got tired of holding it and let it drop on the floor!

"The real live children of to-day have done this for us," answered the mother's voice as she, too, rose from the couch where she had been sitting, took by the hand each little girl in her blue-frilled frock, and stepped down upon the floor.

"Hush! Do not waken your dog," she whispered, "for that would put an end to our adventure! The man who walks by every once in a while with a little light would come back and away we should go within our frames, so let Pierre sleep. Listen, children, do you not hear other voices? Come, Little Boy with the Sword, come with us and we will go to meet the other children. It is only children, and grown-ups who are with them in their pictures, who can speak and move to-night. Step carefully, my little ones."

"I am here! Let me come, too!" they heard as they crept along through the dark galleries, and "Let me, and me, and me!" It was so dark that they could see very little, but by the voices which they kept hearing they knew that more and more little people had joined them. "Where shall we go and what shall we do?" asked someone. "A party, a party!" cried a girl whose quaint colonial costume could be dimly seen as she came nearer. "A party in the rooms with the old English and American

furniture! I know, because some children from the schools talked about them one day when they stood in front of me looking at my fireplace and the rosy light from the fire shining on my apples on the hearth. I am quite sure I can find them and I have heard the children say there are candles which perhaps we could light in some way or other!"

"A party, a party!" cried all the voices delightedly, and with the Colonial Girl in the lead, they stole softly through the shadowy galleries until they came to those in which shapes of chairs, tables, and cabinets stood out from the darkness, and where a stray moonbeam lighted up the brass handles and candlesticks.

"Here we are," said the Colonial Maid at last, "and there are some tall candles over that mirror in its beautiful mahogany frame if only we could light them!"

"Allow me to assist you," answered a deep and very courteous voice from among the shadowy group of "Picture People."

"Who is it? Can it be the night watchman come to spoil our party?" came the whispers from every side.

"He is no watchman, but my grandfather!" piped

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

THE EARL OF ARUNDEL AND HIS GRANDSON

By Sir Anthony Van Dyck.

Here stands the stately Earl in shining armor with his arm around his devoted little grandson.

an indignant little voice, which went on to say in a most dignified manner, "Allow me to present my grandfather, the Earl of Arundel! He is in the picture with me and so came to life when I did!"

"You are very welcome, Sir," answered the Colonial Maid, making a deep courtesy before the tall English gentleman, "and we should be greatly in your debt if you would give us some light so that we may see one another and have a grand ball and party."

At that was heard the clanking of armor, and the Earl of Arundel, in sixteenth century English armor, stepped forward. He took out one of the tall candles from its holder at the side of the mirror, and handed it to his little grandson: "Hold this taper, my boy, and be ready with it the moment you see a spark!" Then came the sound of hard surfaces rubbing together and after a very few moments the little boy held the candle to the spark and lo! it was lighted! Another and another followed, till that room and the one beyond were filled with a mellow candle-light.

"How fine it is!" cried one and another looking around them at objects in the rooms before they looked at their neighbors.

"I have often slept in a bed like that!" cried the little boy who had held the candle, as he stood in front of the high English bed with its silk and embroidered coverlet and dainty curtains. "And I in a bed like this!" echoed the voice of the Colonial Maid from the next room where she stood in front of the high American bed with its hand-woven spread and its side-curtains. "Oh, and the gilded mirrors and beautiful mahogany tables and chairs and desks, just like those we had in our day!" she added. "We, too, have found our beautiful bright French chairs and tables and mirrors!" cried the children from France who had taken a candle with them and found their way across the corridor into the French galleries.

"I tell you what let us do," said a very charming American lady with two little girls in white by her side. "We will begin our party by playing a game!"

"May I inquire what a 'party' may be?" gravely asked a queer little figure in a queerer costume: her skirts were so wide that it was with difficulty she sat or rather balanced herself on the very edge of a capacious chair. "In Spain, we children at the Royal Court had no 'parties'!"

"Had—no—parties!" gasped the other children together in one breath.

"It is time you had one then," smiled the tall American mother, looking with compassion upon the stiff little Spanish Princess. "But before we begin our party, I am going to ask our good friend, the Earl, if he will kindly walk through this great building and see whether any more of us have come from our frames."

The Earl bowed in a very courtly manner, and started off at once, the candle-light shining upon his armor as he moved. It was not so very long before he was back with nine or ten strange boys and girls delightedly tiptoeing along behind him.

"A wonderful thing has happened!" cried the little grandson of the Earl who had stolen away and followed his grandfather. "All the frames were filled and we were just returning when we were sure we heard voices from downstairs: so down we went in the direction of the sounds and as we were going through a long corridor at the left of the grand staircase, we heard the voices quite distinctly, and then we saw all of these boys and girls pressed close to the door of a big room which seemed to be a Library. Grandfather told them just how to turn the handle of the door and out they came, and here they are!"

"Oh! They, too, felt the children of to-day wishing

for them and so came from book-pictures, is that not so?" asked the American lady turning to the newcomers.

"Yes, yes!" they answered. "We are really in pictures far away, but they had copies of us in the Library here, so we can join you, too."

Then, just as soon as all had seated themselves—and there were not chairs enough to go around, so many curled up comfortably on the floor—not one of them disturbing the immaculate coverings of the big beds, although several looked at them with longing eyes—the American lady continued, "Now then, our party will begin with a game I am going to call 'Names, Nations, and News,' and by that I mean that each picture person or group will tell who they are, where they lived and anything about themselves which will be of interest to the rest of us. We will go right around in turn, beginning with our good friend, the Earl."

"My little grandson and I," began the Earl, putting his arm around the small boy in the orange-colored suit just as he was in the habit of doing in the picture, "my little grandson and I are English, and we lived over three hundred years ago. I was made commander of the army in Scotland and that

is why my good friend, the great Flemish painter Anthony Van Dyck, whom I had the honor of bringing to the attention of King Charles I, and who later was made court painter, painted me in this suit of armor. This little lad is my grandson, Thomas, and very fond I am of the boy. And now, good 'picture' friends, may I introduce this little group by my side—all English children—and let them speak next? First, the children of His Majesty, our martyred King Charles I, shall begin. God save the present King and bring him victories!"

"I am Prince Charles," said the little boy in the lace collar and cap and embroidered frock, "and I later became Charles II, King of England, after many exciting adventures of which you have probably heard. This is my sister Mary who afterwards married the Prince of Orange, and this little boy," pointing to a chubby little fellow in a long gown and little lace cap, "is my brother James whom you know as 'Baby Stuart.' Sir Anthony Van Dyck, my father's court painter, as the Earl of Arundel told you, pictured us all many times both as children and after we grew up, and everyone says that they like our pictures very much."

"I am very glad to meet your Royal Highness,"

chirped the little lady next in turn. "I am little Miss Bowles and this is my dog who *never* barks, so you need not be afraid that he will make a noise and break up our party. I lived almost a hundred years after your Highness and I was painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, a great English artist who lived in the eighteenth century. He liked to paint children and one day mother invited him to dinner and we had a splendid time together for he told me wonderful stories, so I didn't mind a bit going to his studio the next day. He let me have a good romp with my dog, and then he painted us together and when I am in my frame, I am in London. Here is another little English girl waiting to tell her story."

"I am called, when I am in my frame, 'The Age of Innocence,' said the little girl, "and I, too, was painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds who was my grand-uncle. I am not dressed up very much and you see I have no shoes, but I sit in a beautiful landscape where I can see the trees and the sky and think wonderful thoughts as I watch the clouds: and I am so glad that all the living children like me and that copies of me hang in many of their rooms."

"I am Master Hare and I was painted by this very same English artist," announced a very little

boy with light hair and a white dress and purple sash.

"And I am Georgiana Augusta Frederica Elliott,"

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

My! what a long name for a little girl! Georgiana Augusta Frederica Elliott, and she was painted by a great English artist named Sir Joshua Reynolds. Isn't she a demure little maiden, and don't you think that the pattern made by the branches of the trees against the sky is beautiful?

added a very demure maiden, bowing sedately, with her little hands folded in front of her. Her face looked demure, it is true, as it peered out of her little cap with its pink bow, but somehow you felt that she would not be such a bad playfellow after all.

"My name is Jack Hill and my picture is in the same gallery with Georgiana Elliott: her name is too long to say it all! My father and I lived on the edge of a great wood and father was a woodcutter at first and then later another great eighteenth century artist painted pictures of us. Everybody liked to be painted by the great Gainsborough and I did, too. I am holding my cat very tightly because I am afraid that unless I do, she will scratch Miss Bowles' dog."

"We, too, were painted by a great English artist who lived at the same time, and we live in the same gallery with you," cried a dear little boy and girl. "We are the little Godsal children and we have the most beautiful colors to watch, don't we, mother? And the artist who painted us was the famous John Hoppner. All the hours long we sit out-of-doors and watch the sun going to rest: it makes such a wonderful golden glow."

"The artist who painted me," said the next little person, "knew how to paint a golden light too, only

this time the light is indoors, and coming through a window in the next room to where I am standing, receiving a jug from our maid-servant. I can remember how fearful I was lest I should drop that jug but Pieter de Hooch painted us in very quickly and then we were framed and hung in the Museum at Amsterdam for all girls and boys to enjoy."

THE COURT OF A DUTCH HOUSE

By Pieter de Hooch.
London, National Gallery.

Just an everyday scene with everyday people and yet how very real and beautiful it is.

"He painted me, too," chimed in another little Dutch girl in long dress and cap, "just coming into our brick-paved courtyard with our servant-girl. We had been out feeding our hens and gathering fruit, and I was hurrying back to join mother who was standing at the door waiting for father to come home from work. The light in the picture is that of the sunset and I know you would say it all looks very

real and homelike. I wish mother had come with me to-night but she'd rather stay watching for father. Maybe you can all see us sometime in London."

"This same artist painted me and my mother and my dog, and you can see us without going to London, for we are in the very same room with the Earl of Arundel," said a little girl's voice, "and this Dutch girl next to me is here in this Museum and was painted by another Dutch painter who lived at the same time, Nicolaes Maes. See, isn't her red dress pretty? In the picture she sits by a table with a gay cover and peels apples, so she brought the dish with her and we can all have one now!"

"I never before ate a common apple served in this simple way," commented the stately little Spanish lady, Mariana of Austria. "Don Balthazar Carlos and I who were painted many times by our great court painter Velasquez, always had our food presented to us by our ladies-in-waiting who received it from the gentlemen-in-waiting who received it from the servants of the table."

"I am so glad I am an American child," announced one of the two little girls who stood close by the side of the tall lady in white. "I think these apples are best just like this. Often after mother has told us

a fairy story—as she is doing in our picture—we have a feast of apples before we go to bed."

"We get apples from our own trees," announced a boy in a soft green frock. "Mother and sister and I had just been picking apples one day, when father came out and painted us all together, mother holding sister, whom I call 'Goldilocks,' while I stood close to her side and took hold of her arm. We are called 'In the Garden,' and from where we stay we can see the picture of 'Fairy Tales'."

"I am sorry to interrupt the game," said the Earl of Arundel in his most stately manner, "but

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

IN THE GARDEN

By George De Forest Brush.

I wish you could see this painting in all its beautiful colors, but at any rate you can see how the long lines of the draperies fit into one another and are full of rhythm and grace.

if we wish to have our ball before the watchman appears, let us go down to the main hall at once."

"All ready, now," cried the Colonial Girl, "lets form a procession, and those who did not get a chance at the game can have all the more dances downstairs. Our stately 'Magnolia' shall lead, the Earl shall go next with his grandson, Princess Mariana of Austria with the Little Boy with a Sword, the children of Charles the First, our visitors from far away, followed by our little Dutch guests: then the French lady and her two little girls, and you two little Italian boys;—that's right, take the little Italian girl with the cherries along with you! Now little Miss Bowles and the Godsal children, the 'Fairy Tale' girls and their 'Fairy Tale' mother, Mrs. Brush and her children. We must hurry now, so all the rest of you fall in line and go down the great staircase just as softly as possible. Be careful not to fall, and I will be the rear guard. Then when we reach the main hall and that splendid, smooth stone floor, what a dance we shall have,—until we hear the watchman's footsteps in the distance! Then we must hurry back to our frames and books, hoping that some other time the living boys and girls will use their magic gift once more, and 'imagine' us back again!"

IN THE TIME OF PAUL REVERE

Often when we go out of doors we see flags in the windows, on poles, and floating from the very tops of buildings. All these flags waving so proudly in the breeze, tell us that we must be true and patriotic American citizens, loyal to our country and to our government in Washington which has so many important affairs to decide.

In these days, all our newspapers have representatives in Washington at the different meetings, to keep track of what is going on; they telegraph the news to the different newspaper offices, the newspapers print articles in the papers, and the newsboys carry them through the streets, selling them to the people. That is how we find out when important and exciting events have taken place.

Many years ago, in 1775, some very important news had to be taken through the colonies; but it was done very differently from the way we would do it nowadays. The man who carried the news so long ago was Paul Revere of Boston, a silversmith, engraver, a maker of cartoons and medals, and even a dentist as well as a patriot! This story I am going to tell you now I have woven about the time of Paul Revere. You may at once say that you wish you had lived then with Betty and John, but maybe you will be glad you live nowadays, when you read how they were instructed to behave at the table!

"Never sit down at the table till asked, and after the blessing. Ask for nothing; tarry 'till it be offered thee. Speak not. Bite not thy bread but break it. Take salt only with a clean knife.

Dip not the meat in the same. Hold not thy knife upright but sloping, and lay it down at right hand of plate with blade on plate. Look not earnestly at any other that is eating. When moderately satisfied leave the table. Sing not, hum not, wriggle not."

IN the morning of the 18th of April in 1775, in Medford, a little town of Massachusetts, Master Jonathan Howland rang the bell at the usual time for school to begin. The school-room was a large room with a sanded floor, the light coming in through little windows made of sheets of oiled white paper. At one end was a great fireplace, and bright flames were leaping up into the huge chimney. In tramped the boys and girls and took their seats at the long benches with much marked desks in front of them. Buzz! Buzz! Buzz! The whispering was even worse than usual that morning, and there seemed to be everywhere an air of great excitement. But a stern tap! tap! tap! of Master Howland's heavy ferule brought silence, for they knew that disobedience to that command would mean the use of the birch-rod hanging over the fireplace. Almost every lad there had felt that rod at one time or another, and knew that Master Howland wielded it with no light hand.

The forenoon wore on, but it seemed as if twelve o'clock would never come! Never before had classes dragged so slowly, nor such stupid answers been given. A puzzled frown gathered on Master Howland's brow: what was the trouble with them all? The boys were most unruly, but even the little girls had their thoughts on something besides the lesson. The feeling of excitement began to communicate itself even to the teacher. He had cause to be excited, however, for had not King George been unjustly taxing the colonists, causing the great "Boston Tea Party" when a band of colonists, dressed as Indian warriors, boarded the ships in Boston harbor containing the tea which was to be taxed, broke open the tea chests and threw the contents into the water? And worse than that, was not every patriot on guard, for news had come that the Boston patriots were very anxious, knowing that the British had certain plans on foot. Doubtless the youngsters had heard these rumors, and were made uneasy and excited by them. So Master Howland overlooked much of the confusion and bad lessons, and wonder of wonders, dismissed school at a quarter of twelve!

Scarcely had the children crossed the threshold of

the door, when the subdued buzzing which had filled the school-room burst into a veritable roar.

Courtesy of the Detroit Publishing Company.

BOSTON TEA PARTY

By Reid; in the Boston State House.

Over goes the tea which has been unjustly taxed!

"Dost think there'll be war?" asked little Betty Prescott timidly, looking up with wide eyes at big Nat Warren.

"Father says it is likely to come," answered the

big boy gravely. "But don't be afraid, Betty; I won't let them hurt *you!*"

"My father says that our minute-men will soon lick the red-coats!" boasted Tom Pickering, sauntering up to the little group with his hands in his pockets.

"'Twould be an idle boast to say that would be an easy task," replied Nat Warren thoughtfully, "the red-coats are many in number, and well-equipped, but our minute-men would every one fight to the last for their homes and their country."

"Hooray!" cried the boys and girls, waving their hands excitedly.

But rather a solemn hush fell over the little group which several other boys and girls had joined. To hear one of the older boys, and especially one who was held in such high esteem as "big Nat," talk so seriously made them think. It is true, they had many times during the past months, heard their mothers and fathers discussing the serious condition in which the colonies were placed. News of the famous "Boston Tea Party" in 1773 had been most exciting, and many times had they begged to hear the story repeated; and they knew that their fathers and brothers were ready to fight at a minute's warn-

ing, and that their mothers were often sad over the thought that "father" or "son" might have to give his life for his country. Yet it had never seemed so near before, and there was a dark rumor afloat that very day that the British were about to leave Boston

Courtesy of the Towle Manufacturing Company.

THE BOSTON MASSACRE

From an engraving by Paul Revere, Boston.

for a secret expedition,—perhaps even to seize the war-stores at Concord!

"Father said this morning that medicine chests, linen and ammunition have been placed in every village round about here," said Patience Barrett, whose father was a most enthusiastic patriot.

It surely did look as if their very homes were in

danger, and a sobered and unusually silent crowd of children went thoughtfully back to school that afternoon.

At the close of school they felt no better and the excitement in the air had increased rather than lessened.

Little Betty Prescott and her twelve-year-old brother John hurried home. They had a long way to go and it was quite dark before they reached there. Mistress Prescott and her husband were already seated at the supper table,—a beautiful one of old mahogany with its polished surface reflecting the silver spoons, cups, and tankards, some of them made and designed by Paul Revere of Boston, a silversmith and engraver, the very man who was often sent, in behalf of his country, on secret missions by the Committee of Safety. There was not a child in the neighboring towns who had not heard mentioned by the older folk the name of Paul Revere, and his bravery and daring.

"Father," said John, as he hurriedly took his place at the table, hungry after his long walk, "Is it true we are going to war?"

"I hope not, my son," answered his father, gravely.

"Why do they call you a 'minute-man,' father?"

questioned Betty looking up from her big white biscuits spread with golden honey.

"Because I am ready to fight for liberty at any minute!" answered father with a strange ring in his clear voice.

"Let us pray that you will never be called upon to do so," said the good mother Prescott hastily, with an anxious look upon her face.

They ate silently after that, each one thoughtful, until father said, "I must go to see whether anything new has been heard, and, Mary, if any one should come for me or you should have need of me in any way, send John down to Captain Clarke's house. We are holding a meeting of the Sons of Liberty."

It was all very well to try to get their lessons that night; but every time John started to solve the problem which Master Howland had given him, his thoughts would wander to the "minute-men" and the "Sons of Liberty." Ah, if he only had a gun like father's! Wait a minute! There was one in the garret which Neighbor Dawes had left when he started for Philadelphia a week or so back. "Just for safety, I think I'll get that gun, for I might have to protect Betty," thought John, making up all sorts of reasons to soothe his conscience, for he well knew

that neither mother nor father would allow him to handle a gun unless father were near him. However, he crept upstairs while mother was helping Betty with her spelling, and had deposited it safely in his little room next to Betty's before he was called.

Bedtime came all too soon that night, for they wanted to wait up until father came home and hear what news he might have, but mother was firm, and Betty and John were soon tucked cosily in their high old-fashioned beds, and mother had snuffed out the candle-light, although she left their doors open.

"John!" whispered Betty, "has Paul Revere any little girls?"

"Um-m, lots of 'em an' boys too," returned John, almost asleep, but remembering to feel once more of the gun standing by his bedside.

Little Betty did not fall asleep so easily; over and over in her active little mind did she hear the conversation among the boys and girls at school about "minute-men" and "King George" and "war" and it was not until she heard her father's voice that she fell asleep.

It seemed to John that he had slept a long time, when suddenly something awakened him and he sat straight up in bed. There it was again, that strange

noise: what could it be? "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve!" just then sounded the old grandfather's clock on the stairs, and in spite of his twelve sturdy years John shivered a bit and started to pull the bed-clothes over his head, for all sorts of things might happen at the

Courtesy of the Essex Institute.

BEDROOM IN ESSEX INSTITUTE, SALEM, MASS.

No doubt Betty had a room like this with the curtained bed, the ladder-back chair, the big fireplace, and the candles on the little stand.

stroke of twelve, you know. But just then he heard it again, through the stillness of the April night. Clot-clot-clot-clot! Why it sounded for all the world like a horse galloping at full speed! Who could it be? A runaway horse? John jumped out of bed, and poked his head out of the window which looked down on the village street. Clot-clot, clot-clot! It

was coming nearer now although he could see nothing. Hark! Was that someone shouting? From far off in the distance he could hear a faint shout but not a word could he make out. Nearer and nearer came the hurrying hoof-beats, and more and more distinct the shout. Ugh! It was cold standing in the night air, and the sound of the fast coming horse and the strange cry borne in to him through the stillness made him feel rather queer and uneasy. Hark! what was that? Did he not hear the word "British"? Nearer and nearer came the galloping horse, and yes, far off in the distance he could hear bells ringing, and he thought he heard the report of guns. Suddenly John heard faintly but distinctly the words: "The British are coming! Hurry! The Regulars are out!"

It was war! war! thought John, just what they had been talking about the day before.

"Father! Mother!" he cried, as he seized the old gun which he had placed near his bed little dreaming what was going to happen. "Father! Wake up! The red-coats are coming! *Father!*"

By this time the hoof-beats were near and loud, and clear and distinct on the night air was heard the shout, "The British are coming! Hurry! The Regulars are out!"

No need to waken father for he was already down stairs, and mother too, with white face, but strong

Courtesy of the Detroit Publishing Company.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

By Reid; in the Boston State House.

Down the village street he galloped awakening the countryside that they might defend their homes and their country.

and calm, and helping father into his coat and handing him his gun.

On and on the good horse galloped, his rider shouting his message of warning, "Hurry! The

British are on the way!" The shouts of people could be heard, some of them peering from their windows, rubbing their sleepy eyes, but most of them running out of their houses, ready to give their all for the sake of "Liberty."

"May I go too, father?" asked John excitedly, as he followed his father to the door, still keeping tight hold of his gun.

"No, John," answered father, "your place is here to look out for your mother and Betty," stooping to kiss the little girl who stood silent and wide-eyed, one hand tightly grasping a fold of mother's skirt. So John stood guard over his mother and sister, holding firmly in both hands the old gun which was almost as big as he.

Soon they heard the tramp of men's feet and knew that the minute-men were assembled and ready to fight, if need be, and now they went marching down the road. The ringing of the bells continued, and the report of the alarm guns in the neighboring villages, while Mistress Prescott, with her arms around her boy and girl, stood looking from the window, listening to the tramp of feet, the bells, the guns and the shouting of the awakened country-side, and praying that her husband and other women's hus-

bands and other children's fathers might come safely home.

"Who was the man who came riding by, mother?" asked little Betty in a hushed voice.

"I know," answered John eagerly, before his mother could reply. "It was Paul Revere of Boston! I heard father say so! Isn't he the bravest man, mother?"

"Paul Revere has been of great service to all his country people this night, and is indeed a brave man," answered his mother.

On and on was Paul Revere riding on his galloping steed, towards Lexington. Our poet, Longfellow, has very vividly told us about his daring ride.

"He said to his friend, 'If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light,—
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm.'
Then he said 'Good night' and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore;

. . . . . .

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride

On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere,
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near.
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.
And lo! as he looks on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!
A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

. . . . . .

It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog
That rises after the sun goes down.

. . . . . .

You know the rest, in the books you've read,
How the British Regulars fired and fled,—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard wall;
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.
So through the night rode Paul Revere!
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm,—
A cry of defiance and not of fear!
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For borne on the night-wind of the Past
Through all our history to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere."

ABOUT STORY HOURS

TELL me one of your *own* stories, Mother," I used always to ask, for nothing pleased me more when I was a little girl, than to hear one of my mother's "made-up" stories in which little people worked and danced and frolicked, and became real companions: often my father was called upon, too, and the story hour was looked forward to each night. So with every one of us, our mothers and fathers were our first story-tellers, then our teachers, for it is only in recent years that story-telling as a profession has regained much of the dignity and popularity of the olden times when story-tellers were the chief entertainers of kings. It is significant of the unique value of story-telling that even to-day with the many different ways of getting stories—from the moving pictures, theaters, and books—that the story hour is not only revived but that it is more and more becoming one of the most effective methods of education; for it is the most human, concrete, and vivid way of reaching and teaching the children: and not only the real children

enjoy the story hours, but grown-up children as well. The people of long ago become real and vivid, the stories correlate with the school studies of the children and their own experiences and become not mere words, illustrated, but mean something to them personally. Primarily they bring happiness but at the same time they teach in a delightful way; to quote from Sir Philip Sydney's "Defense of Poesie,"—"even as the child is often brought to take most wholesome things by hiding them in such other as have a pleasant taste."

There can be no barrier between the story-teller and the audience, for just as the story-teller of old was a part of the fireside group, so the story-teller of to-day belongs to her audience and is their friend. She impersonates the characters in the story but she is always essentially herself, and upon the personality of the story-teller and her contact with not only the children but their families and teachers, depends a great part of the success of the story hour.

Story hours in Museums have a special value in that there is so much illustrative material to make the stories vivid. Art museums, as a whole, no longer exist just for the grown-up student and research worker: they are no longer merely a store-

house of treasures, but they exert a vital influence on the lives of those who come, especially the children. The story hours bring delight to the children and also, through the study of the lives of great painters and sculptors, knights, kings, and queens, and the arts of various peoples, strengthen ambitions and create ideals. The boys and the girls, and the grown people too, through the story hours, the illustrative slides, and the trips to see the real objects in the galleries bearing on the stories, learn how to see and enjoy beauty of workmanship, line, form, and color: and having seen it in the Museum they will see it elsewhere—out-of-doors, and in their homes. This is true of the grown people, but especially true of the children, for as children they are pliable, easily influenced, and just as ready—even those who have had the least advantages—to respond to the good and beautiful as to the bad and unlovely. Many of the children have become acquainted with the Museum through the story hours for the first time. "Is it on Thoird Avenoo?" they often ask, when I go into a distant school. Then, when they do come, they draw deep breaths of delight and exclaim in tones of wonder, "O-o-h! It's just like a Fairy Palace!" A little later, when they have become steady

visitors at the story hours, the Children's Hours and in classes from the schools, they say, "I'd rather come here any day than go to the movies, and my mother, she says she likes to have me come 'cause I learn somethin'." It is often that the mothers, fathers and teachers come with the children, and many times I have heard a mother say, "If only I could have found out how to enjoy these things when I was a child."

The biggest thing of all is that the story hours not only bring happiness but they help towards the enjoyment of life, the ability to see, the will to do, the making of better men and women, more able teachers, and the training towards citizenship.

A. C. C.

NEW YORK, July 1, 1919.

Courtesy of the Jacobs Publishing Company.

LITTLE COLONIAL CHILDREN.

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